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MUSICAL LAUGHS

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CARUSO'S CARICATURE OF HIMSELF AS RODOLFO IN "LA BOHÊME"

MUSICAL LAUGHS

JOKES, TITTLE-TATTLE, AND ANECDOTES, MOSTLY HUMOROUS, ABOUT MUSICAL CELEBRITIES, GATHERED DURING HIS FORTY-THREE YEARS AS MUSICAL EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK EVENING POST"

BY

HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Success In Music and How It Is Won," "Girth Control," "Gardening With Brains," etc.

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To My Harvard Classmate ('76)
and Life-Long Friend
JOHN B. OLMSTED

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HUMOROUS SIDE-LIGHTS ON MUSICIANS

[*Sotto Voce*—Stage Whisper: This is the Preface, but please, Mr. Publisher, don't call it Preface for I want everybody to read it. Look and see why. H. T. F.]

MUSICIANS take themselves and their art altogether too seriously. They would be much more prosperous if they didn't. The astonishing popularity of jazz is due to the fact that it exploits the funny side of the art, hitherto absurdly neglected.

One of the pleasantest occasions I remember was a concert at which the amusing "Carnival of Animals," by Saint-Saëns, was played in Aeolian Hall by members of the Beethoven Association, which includes the most famous musicians in the world.

That composition is deliberately and boldly —sometimes almost jazzily—humorous, and its performance on this occasion was made doubly so by the pranks and playful raillery of the musicians. The hearers, making up the most dignified audience in New York, in-

dulged in roars of laughter, wishing that such occasions were more frequent.

When musicians gather at clubs or dinners they always indulge in pranks. Delightfully jazzy was Schubert's habit of rejoicing his friends by humming his "Erl-king" with comically exaggerated expression of its tragic details, through a comb wrapped in tissue paper.

Only a few months ago the editor of Theodore Presser's musical magazine, *The Étude,* asked me to write for him two articles, one on jazz, the other on the pranks of musicians. James Francis Cooke is his name, and he knows that his readers like nothing better than fun and humor—who doesn't? Are any authors more popular than Mark Twain and our other humorists?

Among the many criticisms of my seventeen books none has pleased me more than one which patted me on the back for my skill in combining knowledge with jest. The gift of seeing the funny side of things is one which I have always valued the most.

Musical criticism has rightly been called by Ernest Newman "a melancholy profession" —one *has* to say unkind things about so many mediocrities! It has, therefore, always been

a consolation to me to indulge in witticisms as a substitute for vituperation.

Some of the contents of this volume are distilled from my newspaper articles—a better way, I feel sure, than printing the articles complete and letting the readers pick out the plums for themselves.

The rest of the contents are the result of a habit I formed, when I became musical editor of the New York *Evening Post* in 1881, of gathering from newspapers, magazines, and books in several languages jokes and anecdotes that threw humorous side-lights on musical life.

Abbie Helen Cushman, when she was a schoolgirl of fifteen, seven years before she became Mrs. Henry T. Finck, and before she even knew me, began to save everything I wrote. Therefore, when the happy thought (I hope the reader will allow the use of "happy") came of printing a comic selection from my newspaper columns, the task was an easy one, the only difficulty being one which an author shares in such a case with a gardener—that of "thinning out."

My first impulse naturally was to leave out the most familiar stories, or what the boys call "chestnuts." What decided me not to

do so was the recollection of a lecture given by Carl Armbruster in Chickering Hall.

It was a lecture on Richard Wagner, and, to my consternation, he began to tell how Richard, as a youth, wrote a play in which he killed off forty characters and then had to bring some of them back as ghosts in order to finish the plot.

"That wormy old chestnut," I said to myself, "the audience will hiss and groan."

The audience did nothing of the sort. Evidently few had ever heard the story, and it was received with shouts of laughter.

That taught me not to be afraid to include chestnuts in my menus.

The funniest after-dinner speech I have ever heard was made up of a rattling machine-gun fire of jokes absolutely unconnected. In view of its roaring success I thought at first I might as well print the stories in this volume at random; but I was persuaded to divide the matter into chapters appertaining, in succession, to singers, pianists, violinists, conductors, composers, organists and teachers, critics, and miscellany. This gave me a chance, too, to write introductions and put more of myself into the book, and at the same time to emphasize the fact that the intentions of these pages

are mainly humorous. Serious and even tragic stories from the lives of the great masters are included, for the sake of contrast and variety; but the compiler's chief aim has been to gather as many master-jokes (musicians do love the word "master"!) as possible and provide opportunities for plenty of laughs.

Laughs are needed by music-lovers and everybody else quite as much as food and drink and sleep. Not only because they are enjoyable as such, but because they dispel clouds of gloom and worry and are in other ways conducive to good health. Listen! This is important.

When you laugh you empty your lungs of all stagnant air and in its place you breathe in a full supply of oxygen, which is the great blood-purifier and elixir of life, far superior to coffee, tea or alcohol, as an exhilarant and chaser of blues.

To be sure, when you laugh in the theater there is usually little oxygen in the air; but the laughs you get out of a book are a great tonic, especially in summer, when all the windows are open.

And there is another thing, equally important, to which Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek calls attention in his adorable "Health Ques-

tion Box," under the head of "Laughter an Aid to Digestion."

Just above your stomach you have a thin muscular partition called the diaphragm which separates it from the heart. When you breathe in and out this diaphragm moves the stomach up and down so that its contents are churned. In deep breathing, such as is compelled by laughter, this churning movement is quite vigorous. To quote the Doctor verbatim: "The effect of laughing is to increase the action of the diaphragm. A hearty laugh thus renders valuable assistance to digestion, not simply because there is a pleasant state of mind, which makes the conditions favorable to all the functions of the body, but because of actual mechanical assistance."

A "daily dozen" laughs will therefore more surely keep the doctor away than a dozen Hood River apples. You will save money also on tonics, stimulants, chewing-gum, soda-mints and other "life-savers."

The author's special thanks are due to Mr. Marziale Sisca for permission to use the cartoon on the paper jacket of this book. It is taken from the enchanting book, "Caricatures by Enrico Caruso," published by him, a book

which every admirer of the greatest tenor of this century should have on his parlor table.

Caruso was proud of his skill as a cartoonist and had every reason to be so. He was greatly disappointed when Mark Twain failed to invite him to a dinner he once gave in New York to eminent cartoonists. "Perhaps," he said plaintively, "he knows me only as a tenor."

STORIES ABOUT OPERA-SINGERS

CHAPTER I

STORIES ABOUT OPERA-SINGERS

THE number of persons eager to read about music is not nearly so large as that of people interested in musicians and, particularly, in opera-singers. Many thousands who do not care, or can not afford to, go to the opera, read all the gossip about prima donnas dished up in newspapers, magazines, and books.

The English are not supposed to be as musical or emotional as some other nations, but do you know how they behaved when Jenny Lind left them for America? Like frenzied football-fans!

Barnum was warned by the chief of police in Liverpool that if he took this singer to the quay at the hour announced he could not insure the safety of life and limb; so she went to the steamer "by all manner of back-streets." Countless craft were waiting for the steamer to sail, and when it started they all formed into line and made a marine procession. Thousands of women and men witnessed the improvised

spectacle and cheered as the *Atlantic* moved on, while cannon roared farewell salutes.

Tempi passati? Perhaps. And now that the opera-stars travel in automobiles, their adorers can no longer unhitch the horses and draw the carriage themselves. But the opera still—and in some ways more than ever—is in the forefront of public curiosity.

Many opera-singers—among them the prima donnas Lilli Lehmann, Emma Calvé, Luisa Tetrazzini, Blanche Marchesi, Clara Louise Kellogg, Geraldine Farrar and Maria Jeritza—have written their memoirs. In Mme. Jeritza's *Sunshine and Song* we get a glimpse of the importance of the opera in the social life of the Viennese.

One of the editors of *Das Fremdenblatt* of that city once said to her: "If we have an important political article already set up in type, and we get some opera news at the last moment, the serious political article goes out and the opera news-story takes its place."

In nine cases out of ten, even in the famous old musical city of Vienna, the opera news which thus ousts political comment is about opera-singers rather than about operas.

In America, news-stories about opera-singers do not crowd out political matter, but often

they get onto the crowded first page of the newspapers; which indicates that, in the opinion of the editors, they will interest all their readers.

It's splendid free advertising for the opera-houses, and stern individuals who think too much attention is bestowed on the singers should bear that in mind. If it wasn't for these singers and the publicity accorded to them, opera, the most expensive of all entertainments, would be impracticable.

The following anecdotes and jokes illustrate many of the phases of stage-life more vividly than long-winded descriptions could do it. Let us begin with Caruso, the idol of the recent past.

FOOLISH FUSS OVER CARUSO

What's the use of making so much fuss over Caruso, an Arkansas newspaper very frankly asked, and added: "Walter Johnson, the great pitcher, wants $20,000 a year, the little sum of $600 for each game; but some people are howling terribly about it, while Caruso, the Italian singer, gets about $3,000 a night for standing on the stage and screeching so no one but her own race knows what she says."

Such is fame! The following also is hard on the idol:

Henry Doughty Tovey, director of fine arts at the University of Kansas, in the effort to bring music to the rural districts sent out operatic records for the recording machine, among others a complete set of "I Pagliacci." One school canceled the rest of the series because Caruso "yelled too loud."

WHEN HE COULDN'T BORROW $10

Caruso was not always a millionaire. At a time when he had already been heard and personally recommended by Puccini, he signed a contract to sing *Rodolfo* in "La Bohême" for one month, at the price of his living expenses —15 lire a day, or less than $3. In New York, some years later, he got nearly a thousand times $3 every time he sang, and his operatic earnings really were only a side show.

Up to January, 1920, the sum of $1,825,000 in recording-machine royalties had been paid him, an average of a little more than $125,000 a year. But for the year from January, 1921 to 1922 the royalties received by the Caruso estate reached the sum of $400,000, making a

total up to that date of $2,225,000. His income tax in 1919 amounted to $153,933.70.

Few people realize, till they read the interesting life of Caruso by Pierre V. R. Key, what a hard struggle he had at the start. At one time, after a brief season at Leghorn, he managed to get as far as Milan, where he hoped to be able to raise enough money to take him back to Florence. But all his efforts to borrow $10 from one of the singers, conductors, or managers he knew, failed.

He was forever, in those early days, fighting rivals and cabals. In the later days of prosperity, South America paid him even more than the North ($7,000 a performance one season); yet his allegiance was to New York.

When the German Kaiser said to him: "Caruso, why don't you turn your back to America and stay with us, always in Europe?" the tenor answered, "Your Majesty, my gratitude to America will be extinguished only with my death."

HE WON THE BET

Caruso once made a bet that he could sing the serenade in "I Pagliacci," assigned to Reiss, and delivered out of sight, the

audience would not recognize the substitution. He won the bet. Subsequently he repeated the experiment in Berlin. He put forth all his strength and delivered the solo as he alone could sing it. But in so far as his hearers were concerned his efforts went for naught. Not one apparently spotted the trick. Yet if it had been known that Caruso was singing the applause would doubtless have brought down the roof.

FORGOT TO TAKE OFF HIS HAT

Caruso was very temperamental, but once in a while he was associated with a singer even more so. The prima donna, Signora de Nuovina, for example.

At a rehearsal with that soprano, his mind being concentrated on the music and action, he had neglected to remove his hat. This so infuriated the arrogant singer, that, snatching the hat from his head and throwing it on the stage, she cried:

"When you sing with a lady, take off your hat!"

TEASING MELBA

Melba, like other singers associated with Caruso, sometimes was a victim of his inclination to indulge in pranks.

"I remember on one occasion at Covent Garden," she writes, "Signor Tosti was sitting in the front row of the stalls, wearing a false mustache, and every time I looked his way he waggled it at me in a most grotesque manner. Signor Caruso saw this, and tried to imitate him. You can understand how I felt when, as *Mimi,* I was supposed to be dying to Puccini's heartrending strains."

NO FUN TO BE FAMOUS

To a Viennese journalist, Caruso once said: "It is natural enough that people should expect circus-tricks of me, for the promises made in my behalf are as enormous as the prices charged to hear me. Look here, the Viennese Opera would cover expenses if it charged only double the usual rates—why, then, charge four or five times the usual rates? These things excite me, dreadfully, and I am not master of my resources. The consciousness that absolutely unprecedented things are ex-

pected of me makes me ill, and I fail to do half as well as I might do otherwise."

Poor Caruso thus furnished tragic evidence of the fact that it isn't all fun to be the best of his kind in the world, and to be able to make millions.

AN OPERATIC FROST

When Caruso appeared in the operatic novelty "Adriana Lecouvreur," at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, there was a severe frost in the auditorium; in fact, it was more than a frost, it was what the farmers call a "freeze." Ice formed in the parquet, the boxes, the galleries. The stage was adorned by one of the most beautiful women in the world, and the most famous of all tenors sang; yet the audience preserved a polar attitude.

The opening night of the opera season is always a great event, socially at any rate. The house was crowded, and there was the usual display of jewels and costly clothes; the simultaneous opening of the horse show had no effect on this plutocratic exhibition. But the audience was sad, stolid, apathetic, bored. Yawning was good form, almost *de rigueur,*

and altho the opera lasted little more than three hours many left before it was over.

The event was interesting as showing that even Caruso could fall flat.

EVEN GREATER THAN CARUSO

In speaking of Jean de Reszke as the leading tenor of our age, one can not except Caruso. To be sure, the Italian had a more luscious voice, and he was a genuine artist, and a good actor besides; but he was far from being a Jean de Reszke, who was equally great as actor and singer, and who surpassed all the French singers in French parts, all the Italians in Italian parts, and all the Germans in German rôles.

To a young lady he once gave his photograph, on which he had written: *"Souvenir de Roméo devenu Tristan."* But, altho he had become *"Tristan,"* he still remained the ideal *Roméo,* and the incomparable *Rhadames,* differing so widely in vocal styles; and there lay the miracle.

KNOTE'S JOKE ON DE RESZKE

The story that Germany's leading tenor of his day, Heinrich Knote, visited Jean de

Reszke in Paris disguised as a pedler, is true. Jean and his wife were simply amazed at the beauty of his voice, its volume, its dramatic power, and Jean exclaimed: "Sir, I engage you at once for the Opéra. You have gold in your throat." Knote wrote to a friend in New York: "The incident was really most droll, and it cost me a terrific effort to play my rôle to the end without laughing."

NILSSON AND THE SAUSAGE

About Christine Nilsson, Max Maretzek had a good story in his repertoire. One time, during a trip from Cincinnati to Buffalo, Max, feeling hungry, bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye-bread. Presently Nilsson, who was sitting in front of him, turned round with a grimace of disgust, and inquired: "Who is eating garlic or sausage, or something?" Max pleaded guilty, and put what was left of the sausage in his pocket, while she made fun of him for buying "such awful stuff."

The train was due in Buffalo in time for supper, but there was an accident which delayed it several hours. Max, having had his supper, felt comfortable and fell asleep. At

about two in the morning he felt a touch on his arm. He rubbed his eyes and asked, "Who is it? What's the matter?" "Hush! It's I, Max," came the answer in Nilsson's clear voice. "Say, Max, I'm awfully hungry. Can't you let me have that bit of sausage which I saw you put in your pocket when I scolded you so? Do let me have it, Max!"

AN AWFUL HANDICAP

One of the most amusing incidents in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House occurred in the days when musical criticism in New York was largely "made in Germany." A noted German singer had appeared in the part of *Tosca.* She was a good artist, but rather too matronly and plain for the part of that beautiful young woman. However, one of the journalists took her as the model for Puccini's heroine and when Geraldine Farrar appeared as *Tosca,* young, beautiful, fascinating, she was pounced upon because she did not present to the eye a sufficiently "mature" impersonation of the part!

Notwithstanding the awful handicap of youth and beauty, Miss Farrar achieved a sensational success as *Tosca.*

WHY SHE WAS KIND

"Perhaps the most amusing incident in my career," writes the famous prima donna, Luisa Tetrazzini, "was that which occurred in my younger days, when my sister and myself were touring and sharing rather humble rooms. After thanking a landlady who had been more considerate and kind than most, the good lady astonished us by looking up from her washtub and saying, with benign condescension: 'That's all right, my dears, I'm always good to theatricals, for I never know what my own children may come to.' "

"I AM THE LITTLE PLANÇON"

The late Pol Plançon, greatest of French bassos, was not only big artistically. In stature he rivaled, if he did not exceed, Slezak and Edouard de Reszke. Some years ago, it was related that one evening Plançon came across a Harvard student of amazing stature, who, for a lark, had joined the opera chorus in Boston. Looking up to him, the famous French basso remarked: *"Je suis le petit Plançon—et vous?"*

"WE ALL SING"

A good story is told in regard to the family of one of the most eminent singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, Olive Fremstad. The teacher of this prima donna, happening to be near where her parents live, called on them and spoke of their daughter's triumphs here and abroad, saying finally: "You must be proud to have a daughter who has done so much with her voice." "Well," said the mother calmly, "we all sing, you know."

"THOU ART JUST LIKE A FLOWER"

A London critic wonders whether it is anybody's duty to correct the errors in concert programs before they are printed and distributed. He has counted eight in one program. The other day a singer was rendering "Du bist wie eine Blume," which the audience accompanied with a good deal of tittering. She found out the cause of the merriment afterward, when she saw that the song was down on the program as "Du beast wie eine Bloomer."

WHY HE WENT AWAY

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was so unpatriotic as to say that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps, in his day, there was some excuse for such a remark; but the times have gradually changed.

There is an amusing anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera when Henrietta Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria, the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him he would soon be convinced. "I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

GLAD HE WAS KILLED

In Madrid, one evening, Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" was given with such an unsatisfactory *Siegfried* that when he was killed by *Hagen* the audience broke into violent applause.

A REMARKABLE STAGE HORSE

The horse *Grane* called for in Wagner's "Walküre" is likely to spoil things by its

horse-play, but once upon a time there was a *Grane* that knew its part. It had been the favorite charger of King Max of Bavaria, and Frau Vogl had it thoroughly trained. When *Brünnhilde* cried, "Here, *Grane,* greet our friend," it became restive, snorted, and pawed the stage. At the moment she sang "*Siegfried,* with a last blessing I greet thee," without receiving the least sign, and always at the same bar of the music, the horse made ready, veered round, and galloped straight across the stage toward the burning logs. Gripping its mane, Frau Vogl leaped on its back, and in a moment horse and rider disappeared amid the rising flames.

HITCHCOCK AND THE CAT

Raymond Hitchkock tells this story: "During a performance of 'A Yankee Tourist' in a Colorado town, a cat strolled out to the middle of the stage in the second act. It squatted right down and looked at me. The audience tittered, and I turned around and saw the cat. 'Scat, you!' I yelled, and clapped my hands. But kitty never moved. Some of my best lines were to follow, and I realized the scene would be utterly spoiled. But at that point the cat

came to my rescue. She opened her mouth and said 'Meow!'

"'We try voices at eleven o'clock in the morning,' I said. 'Get out! You are interfering with the performance.'

"Then I picked her up and carried her to the wings, and the show went on.

"Now that caught like 'blazes.' But if it happened again, it could not possibly have the same effect. If I had a cat trained to come on every evening and meow, the spontaneity would be gone."

A HUGE TOM THUMB

The famous bass, Lablache, was as remarkable for his bulk as for his vocal ability—so much so that he could hardly get into a cab. On one occasion, when the dwarf Tom Thumb was being exhibited in Paris, two men came to town from the provinces to see him. He happened not to be on the bill that day, but a wag told them to knock at the door of a certain house and they would see him. They went and knocked, and the door was opened by Lablache.

"We have come to see Tom Thumb," they said,

After a brief pause the bass replied: "I am Tom Thumb."

"But we thought you were quite small."

"Before the public, yes! But at home I prefer to be comfortable."

HOW PATTI PRESERVED HER VOICE

A vivid picture of Adelina Patti's stage-life is given in William Armstrong's fascinating book, "The Romantic World of Music."

She was very stubborn about one thing: unless she felt in perfect condition she refused to sing, tho kings and dukes might be disappointed. "If I did not feel well," she said to Mr. Armstrong, "I did not sing, but went to bed and said there was no one in. The opera house might remain closed, but if there had been opera then there would be no opera now."

From Bauermeister, the modest little singer who so often helped out Mr. Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Armstrong heard of another reason why Patti preserved her voice intact so many years.

"In ensembles at the end of an act, when chorus and orchestra were crashing at once, Mme. Patti did not sing the prima donna's

top notes. At Covent Garden Opera House it was always the good Bauermeister's mission to sing those top notes instead, and audiences were none the wiser."

PATTI AT SEVEN EARNED $20,000

Seven Greek cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace: Smyrna, Rhodes, Kolophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens, if my college memory serves me right. Three countries claim the late Adelina Patti as their own: Italy, Spain, and the United States. Her father was a Sicilian, her mother a Roman, she was born in Madrid, and brought up in New York.

She was only a year old when her parents, who happened to be singing in opera at Madrid when she was born, brought her to New York, where, at the age of sixteen, she made her operatic début as *Lucia*. That was in 1859. For years the impression prevailed that she was a New York girl, and she took no pains to correct this belief.

American students of the art of singing are convinced that to win success one must start in Europe. But the most successful of all singers, Adelina Patti, began in America; her

orbit was from West to East. No one cared where she came from.

As a child of seven she began an American concert tour with the famous Norwegian violinist Ole Bull, which lasted several years, and her share of the earnings amounted to $20,000. In Cincinnati she refused to sing before her manager bought her a doll. Less like a good little girl's was her behavior at *table d'hôte* one day. When Ole Bull refused to give her a glass of champagne she slapped his face.

HER CONTRACT

Colonel Mapleson, complained in his "Memoirs" about the tyrannical conditions often imposed by famous singers on operatic managers. His contract with Patti, for instance, contained a clause which evinced her vanity. It demanded that her name should appear on all posters "in a separate line of large letters . . . at least one-third larger than those employed for the announcement of any other artiste."

Another clause provided that "in the event of an epidemic of cholera, smallpox, fever, or other contagious deadly disease, Mme. Patti shall be at liberty to cancel her engagement."

SINGERS ON THE WAR-PATH

There is still plenty of rivalry between prima donnas, but it no longer assumes such dramatic forms as in the good old times. In his entertaining "Musical Memories" George P. Upton tells about the great Gerster-Patti war, which reached from Chicago to San Francisco.

The two singers were in the same troupe on one of Mapleson's Western tours, and were mortally jealous of each other. Mapleson unwisely incensed Gerster by showing favors to Patti. Gerster, however, would get the most applause, and this so embittered Patti that at last she refused to sing at the same time with her.

One day Gerster saw a poster with Patti's name on it larger and blacker than hers, whereupon she disappeared and was not found for two or three days. Patti declared that Gerster had the evil eye, and that when they reached San Francisco she would probably cause an earthquake. Gerster, however, got back handsomely, for when she saw the Governor of Missouri kiss Patti, she quietly observed in Patti's hearing that there was no

harm in a man's kissing a woman old enough to be his mother.

They spoke no more, but regarded each other haughtily from a distance. Whenever Gerster's name was mentioned, Patti would make the finger sign to avert evil, and Gerster was not slow in devising similar methods of displaying her tender regard for Patti.

Mapleson declared that the episode was one of the worst he had experienced in a career which was as liable to cyclonic disturbances as a Kansas prairie.

CHALIAPIN AND THE OTHER CZAR

A romantic episode in Chaliapin's stage life is related by Rosa Newmarch.

Some years before the Great War the chorus of the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg desired to present a petition to the Czar. It was arranged that after one of the earlier scenes in "Boris Godounoff" the curtain should be rung up again, and the chorus should be discovered kneeling in an attitude of supplication, their faces turned toward the Imperial box, while their chosen representative should offer their petition to the Czar, who was to be present that night. When the

curtain went up for the second time it disclosed an unrehearsed effect.

Chaliapin, who was not aware of the presentation of the petition by the chorus, had not left the stage in time. There, among the crowd of humble petitioners, stood *Czar Boris;* dignified, colossal, the very personification of kingly authority, in his superb robes of cloth of gold, with the crown of *Monomakh* upon his head. For one thrilling, sensational moment *Czar Boris* stood face to face with Czar Nicholas II; then some swift impulse, born of custom, of good taste, or of the innate loyalty that lurked in every Russian heart at the time, brought the dramatic situation to an end. *Czar Boris* dropped on one knee with the supplicating crowd, and etiquette triumphed, to the inward mortification of a contingent of hot-headed young revolutionists who had hoped to see him defy convention to the last.

WHY OPERA-BOXES WERE POPULAR

The famus American prima donna Clara Kathleen Rogers explains in her "Memories of a Musical Career" why in her day opera-boxes were popular. In Italy, she writes, it

mattered little where anybody lived or how plain their residences might be, inside or out, as long as they had their box at the opera, and their carriage on the Corso; for it was customary for the *élite* to receive their friends in their opera-boxes and on the Corso, where they frequently descended from their carriages to stroll about under the trees for a quiet conversation with a friend.

SINGERS FROM THE COLD NORTH

We are likely to associate a good voice with the sunny climate of Italy, but it is a singular fact that three of the most famous American singers—Annie Louise Cary, Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames—came from Maine, our only State where sugar-cane can not be grown, while Geraldine Farrar's ancestors also came from that State. In Europe we find, at the opposite extreme from Italy, a cold country which gave the world two world-famed singers, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. Each was called "the Swedish Nightingale" by her admirers. Lind was twenty-three years old when Nilsson was born. Both were of humble parentage, both worked hard and long to attain their eminence—a hint to the thousands

of our girls who seem to think that a popular coach can prepare a young singer in three months for operatic triumphs.

The career of the two Swedish Nightingales emphasizes the fact that great singers are usually made as well as born—altho Patti and Melba apparently contradict this statement.

Like Sembrich, Nilsson was greatly aided in her triumphal career by the fact that she was a musician as well as a singer. As a little girl she earned her living by playing the violin at dances, and at one time she played a violin concerto by Berwald, at a Paris concert. Indeed, for some time she hesitated whether she should give her life to the violin or to singing.

Her operatic triumphs are still fresh in the memory of music lovers. She came to America in 1870 and again in '73, '74 and '84. She was admired equally in Italian, French and German operas; perhaps her best operas were "Traviata," "Lucia," "Lohengrin," "Don Giovanni," "Faust," and "Hamlet," in which she created the part of *Ophelia* at the request of Ambroise Thomas himself. Coloratura and passionate dramatic expression were not her strongest points, but her voice was singularly pure, rich and sweet. Concerning her *Violetta* in "La Traviata," Sutherland Ed-

wards wrote: "She seemed to die, not of phthisis, aided and developed by dissipation, but of a broken heart, like *Clarissa Harlowe,* or like that Shakespearean lady who never told her love. Mlle. Piccolomini's *Violetta* was a foolish virgin; Mlle. Nilsson's a fallen angel."

GENEROUS RUSSIAN AUDIENCES

Before the days of Bolshevism, Russian audiences were noted for their enthusiasm and generosity. George Henschel relates that it was not at all unusual for officers of a crack regiment to club together and throw across the footlights to a foreign prima donna singing in the opera-house as a guest, a diamond bracelet or some other precious piece of jewelry, hidden in a bouquet of flowers. He, himself after his second visit, carried away in his valise several silver and gold cigarette cases and match-boxes, a silver tankard, a silver bowl, and other presents.

"The educated society in St. Petersburg," Lillian Nordica wrote in one of her letters, "is made up of most delightful families, living in luxury, and ready to render every possible delicate attention to us; such as sending their equipages, inviting us to dine, and coming to

sit for an hour with us in our far less luxurious rooms."

A PRIMA DONNA'S PRIVATE CAR

Nordica once gave a hundred concerts in twenty-eight weeks. To make this possible she traveled with all conceivable comforts and luxuries. She was one of the first to travel in a private car, which she called the *Brünnhilde*. It was a little palace on wheels. It had a music-room, a little salon, three bedrooms, besides bathroom, kitchen and servants' quarters. For the seven months' trip referred to she received an average of $1,750 a performance. Once she received $3,000 for one hour's singing in Washington.

A HOT BRICK FOR NORDICA

There are never any fires in the theaters in Italy—at least there were none forty years ago. That made them very damp and chilly in winter. When Lillian Nordica first began her performances in Italy her mother wrote: "I take a hot brick every night, and when Lilly is not occupied, I have it ready for her feet."

SWALLOWED A POT OF MUSTARD

Malibran, the famous prima donna, paid no attention to her health nor her marvelous voice. She was passionately fond of horseback-riding and would gallop for hours together in the Bois de Boulogne, even on days when she was to appear on the stage. On these days she dined two hours earlier than her husband, Bériot. Once, while he was at table with their friend Troupenas, she joined them in the dining-room. "Marie," said Bériot, "you are tired to death, you will never be able to sing this evening."

"Yes, I shall!" was her answer; "this is what will make me sing." And before they had time to prevent her, she seized the mustard-pot and swallowed half its contents."

A PRECIOUS CARGO

On October 22, 1914, the steamer *Canopic* left Naples with a precious cargo of singers, seventy in all, among them Farrar, Bori, Destinn, Hempel, Urlus, and Caruso. Fancy what the loss of this steamer, which also carried the greatest of Italian conductors, Toscanini and Polacco, would have meant to the musical world!

VIENNA ROLLS

Andreas Dippel, the famous tenor and, for a time, manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was noted for his amazing versatility. *Life* once had a picture of him sitting in his underclothes, surrounded by tenor costumes for dozens of operas, ready to jump into any one of them at a 'phone call.

He was noted, too, for his puns. One day he was asked, "What are your favorite rôles?" "Vienna," was his prompt answer.

A GIRL WHO SANG BASS

A sixteen-year-old girl who sang bass was heard in a London hall some years ago. Until a year before that she had the usual soprano voice of a girl of her age; then the voice grew deeper and deeper, till it became as low as any man's. A specialist who examined her throat found the vocal chords to be singularly large and broad.

TENOR WORSHIP

There have been popular crazes over sopranos, too, but they have seldom reached the frenzied pitch of tenor-worship. This may

be due to the fact that great tenors are much scarcer than great sopranos. One might also attribute the greater ardor of the worship of the Jean de Reszkes, the Carusos, the Alvarys, to the fact that most of the idolators are women.

But here a curious question presents itself: Why is it usually the tenor, hardly ever the barytone or the bass, who is worshiped? One would expect women to be most deeply impressed by the manliest voice, and a bass or barytone is more manly than the lyric tenor voice which approximates the feminine alto. To be sure, nothing could be more virile than a robust, dramatic tenor like de Reszke, Tamagno, or Niemann.

Probably the composers are largely responsible for the tenor-worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the barytone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the barytone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Siegfried," "Parsifal."

This being so, we shall probably continue to be subject to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it be true, as was maintained at a recent conclave of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.

Didn't the irascible Hans von Bülow once exclaim: "A tenor is not a voice but a disease."

A DUMB TENOR

During a performance of "Lohengrin" in Vienna, the famous tenor Winckelmann, who was playing the part of the hero, was suddenly seized in the middle of the last act with a complete extinction of voice. The performance was finished by the artist in dumb show, a violoncello in the orchestra playing the voice part.

A WOMAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

When Richard Strauss, noted for his audacity and skill in overcoming difficulties, announced that he was composing an opera to be called "A Woman Without a Shadow," a wag predicted his failure at last; for "Where is he going to find a German prima donna who can impersonate a woman without a shadow?"

FOUR TANNHÄUSERS IN ONE EVENING

Four tenors were heard in the title part at a performance of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at Hamburg on one occasion. Birrenkoven became indisposed at the end of the first act, and Pennarini took his place in the second. He, too, soon succumbed, and Stratz, who had the small part of *Walter,* came to the rescue. He got along all right in the solo parts, but did not know the ensembles, wherefore Bergheim, the leading tenor of the chorus, had to help him out. At the beginning of the third act, Pennarini felt better, and resumed his rôle. The public took a good-natured view of the situation.

COST THE TENOR $400,000

Sims Reeves once remarked that his extreme conscientiousness about his voice had cost him the handsome sum of $400,000. He preferred to disappoint an audience to singing when his voice was not in good condition. "Some artists," he said, "may sing whether they be hoarse or not, but depend upon it, it does them no good, and nothing strains the voice more. Yes, I have given up more than any one, in what you may call my extreme

fastidiousness, or artistic conceit." Being asked how he knew that he could not sing, "Ah! that is very simple," he answered. "You get a peppery feeling, a tickling, a dryness of the throat, an irritation of the mucous membrane. The saliva refuses to flow properly, the vocal cords lose their beautiful coating. You can imagine a piece of highly polished steel; the most minute speck of dust, the least breath of air affects it. It is so with the throat of a tenor. Why, if you bend down for any time the mere contraction of the muscles produces a feeling of huskiness."

WHY REEVES REFUSED TO SING

Sir Charles Hallé, the eminent London conductor told Sir Charles Villiers Stanford an amusing story about the famous tenor, Sims Reeves. The rehearsal began, but no Reeves appeared. To explain his absence a note arrived, saying that he was ill and confined to bed at his hotel.

Hallé knew better, went straight to his room, and found that the illness was caused by the tenor's contention that his name was in smaller letters on the posters than those of his colleagues.

Hallé was equal to the occasion, procured a poster and a foot rule, returned with them to Reeves' room, and gave Stanford a humorous description of Reeves crawling over the floor in primitive attire, and measuring the letters by the rule. Finding, as Hallé knew, that the letters were of identical size, he dressed and sang.

RED SULTAN AFRAID OF CALVÉ

Emma Calvé, foremost of French operatic sopranos, once sang in Constantinople, in the Sultan's palace—the Red Sultan Abdul Hamid. For him she danced as well as sang, but suddenly an expression of terror crossed his face and he left precipitately.

She was puzzled, but a friend at the French Embassy said: "You probably approached too near the Sultan and it alarmed him. He is consumed with suspicion; haunted by the fear of murder."

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Afraid of my castanets, my fan?"

"Ah," retorted the Frenchman, "could you not have had *Carmen's* dagger in your garter?"

A JAPANESE PRIMA DONNA

Japanese music is as different from ours as their language. Yet they have learned the secrets of European music in an amazingly short time.

The following was written by the author of this book in the New York *Evening Post* of January 30, 1919, about the first Japanese prima donna:

"Yes Tamaki Miura is one of the greatest of living artists, and last night she achieved the best and most thrilling operatic singing heard in New York this season (now half over) except, perhaps, a few of Caruso's outpourings. This sentence is written deliberately and with full consciousness of what it implies. Her voice has at times—tho not always—the luscious beauty of Calvé's (which was even more beautiful than Melba's) and the dramatic fervor of Geraldine Farrar, besides a rare chameleonic art of emotional coloring that greatly enhances the charm of every bar she sings.

"It is a voice in the full flower of youth, fresh, spontaneous, flexible, sympathetic; a voice as ideally suited to the part of the Japanese *musume* as is her nationality. In the

love duo it rose to a superbly passionate climax; in the 'Un bel di,' in which she recalls her happy days and imagines the return of her husband, it had a tear-compelling eloquence, and in the cherry-blossom duo it was joy itself, incarnate in tones.

"The overwhelming pathos of her enactment of the suicide scene, while her little boy, blindfolded, is waving the American flag, has been dwelt on before. But her dramatic art is more mature than it was last winter; it has gained in artistic stature, as has her voice, which is fuller, bigger, juicier than it was before. A great opera singer is Tamaki Miura, and a graceful, winsome actress.

"Hers is the exquisite and unadulterated femininity of her race which Alice Bacon dwells on so admirably in her book on 'Japanese Girls and Women,' and it is needless to say that her every gesture and bow is true to life.

"An unwonted detail was her fixing up in front of the mirror before she looks through the screen to await the coming of her husband. Needless to say, her hair is not pierced by the halo of long pins that are the badge of the *joro* only, the geisha of the red-light district."

MAGGIE TEYTE AND THE CLAQUE

Morris Clark tells an amusing story of Maggie Teyte and the claque:

Three years ago, on the eve of her appearance with the Philadelphia Opera Company, a man called at her hotel, offering her his services as *chef de claque.* Miss Teyte was indignant at the idea of buying applause at so much a curtain-call. But, being shrewd, she did not refuse him. On the contrary, she invited him to call the next morning, when she would make all arrangements, and would hand him the money.

The next morning he called, and was politely ushered into the sitting-room. Miss Teyte asked him for his terms. He replied: "One hundred and fifty dollars for three curtain-calls, after each act; for each additional curtain-call, twenty-five dollars extra, and fifty dollars for shouting at the end of the performance, 'Maggie Teyte.' "

"Supposing I don't want your services, what would you do then?" asked Miss Teyte. "Why I shall have fifty men at the opera-house tonight; in case you refuse me they will hiss you off the stage."

Just at that moment, the door of the next

room opened, and Miss Teyte's husband appeared, accompanied by a detective and a newspaper reporter. The *claqueur* was arrested and charged with blackmail. The court imposed a heavy fine upon him, whereupon he immediately left Philadelphia, and has never returned there since.

MATTEI'S KEEN EAR

One day Lablache, the famous bass, asked Tito Mattei, at that time a mere child, but subsequently famous as a song-writer, what a certain note was that he sang for him.

"It is out of tune," answered the child. The singer took this for impertinence and chided the youngster. But Tito said, "It is neither A flat nor A natural."

Lablache went to the piano, struck A and found that little Tito was right.

WITTY PIANISTS

CHAPTER II

WITTY PIANISTS

WHILE there have been and are now many witty singers of both sexes, the pianists, on the whole, carry off the palm in this department. There seems to be something in keyboard music and practise which tickles the intellect and makes it sparkle.

Just to be a student of the piano seems to suffice. You have probably heard of the pupil of the much-married Leschetizky who said one day: "Professor, won't you please invite me to one of your weddings?"

The witty and sarcastic Brahms was a pianist, but as he was more famous by far as a composer, the anecdotes about him, which are numerous, are incorporated in Chapter V: "Fun in the Creative World."

Chopin once administered a gentle, yet sharp rebuke to one of those lion-hunters who exploit good-natured artists. He had been invited to dinner, and after the repast the hostess asked him to play something. "But my dear

Madame," he exclaimed, "I have eaten so little!"

Liszt does not often resort to humor in his voluminous prose-writings and letters; but in life he was full of fun. He was many-sided, and some of his utterances will be recorded in later chapters.

One of his most amazing pranks was played on the worthy inhabitants of a town not far from Weimar.

He had (reluctantly) accepted an invitation to appear at a certain music festival. When his train arrived, there were all the notables of the place awaiting to receive him in grand style. Great was their disappointment when they saw that the first-class coach was empty. A moment later they were dumbfounded to see the great pianist-composer and his companions step off a fourth-class car—practically the same as a cattle-car.

Paderewski, foremost pianist of our time, hugely enjoys telling amusing stories and he does it as eloquently as he plays. He tells them in English, French, German, Russian, just as fluently as he does in his native Polish.

While Liszt taught hundreds of pupils, Paderewski has had only a few. Among them is the American pianist, Ernest Schelling,

who is also, like his master, becoming yearly more famous as a composer.

Schelling has some funny tricks which he exhibits to friends when in the mood for it. The most amusing of them is playing "Chopin's "Etude" on black keys with the five fingers of his left hand and an orange in the right hand. That always brings down the house.

One of the wittiest of pianists was Rafael Joseffy. As he devoted more of his time to teaching than to playing, I shall reserve specimens of his *bon mots* for the chapter on "Organists and Teachers." His pupil, Rosenthal, I am coming to in a moment.

Like Paderewski, Rubinstein took only a few pupils. The greatest of them was Josef Hofmann. Let us start the program with him.

UNLESS HE WAS DRUNK

Josef Hofmann likes to tell the story of a man who was refused admission to one of his recitals because he was drunk. When the reason was explained, the man exclaimed: "You don't shuppose I would go to a piano recital unless I *was* drunk?"

DIDN'T KNOW HIS PROGRAM

A characteristic story of Josef Hofmann was told by Alexander Fink in Pierre Key's *Musical Digest*:

On a transcontinental tour for which he had prepared three programs he made his appearance in the concert-hall of one city without taking the trouble to ask which program had been scheduled. It was only after he had bowed to the applause and adjusted himself at his instrument that it occurred to him that he did not know what to play.

Bending over the edge of the platform, he asked an astonished young lady in the front row whether he might not see her program for a moment. The favor granted, he looked the program over gravely, returned it with thanks and began his recital.

JOSEF HOFMANN AS AUTOMOBILE MAKER

It was feared at one time that Josef Hofmann, after his prodigy days, had lost all his interest in music, the automobile having taken its place. Luckily he returned to his first love, yet he did not give up his second. Fannie

Bloomfield Zeisler wrote about him in the *Musical Leader,* after visiting him in Switzerland:

"Then we journeyed to Lausanne and from there visited Josef Hofmann at his beautiful home at Mt. Pelleran, where he has a wonderful new house designed by himself, and where there is an immense workshop, also planned by him, and a large force of men engaged in the manufacture of automobiles. Josef Hofmann superintends everything, and he has patents on his new inventions that are said to be worth another fortune, for you know, of course, he is a very rich man.

"We went on an automobile trip in an auto constructed from his patents. His intelligence on all subjects, his knowledge of machinery and his mechanical genius are colossal. We all know what a great musician he is."

PADEREWSKI, DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Doctor Paderewski sounds odd, but the great composer-pianist is a doctor of philosophy. The University of Lemberg bestowed on him the Ph.D., with a diploma reading as follows: "Summa auctoritate augustissimi Josephi I nos rector universitatis Leopoliensis

ordinisque philosophorum decanus viro clarissimo atque ingeniosissimo Ignatio Johanni Paderewski musices artifici præstantissimo qui musicam egregiis operibus locupletavit sonorum autem dulcedine animos integros delectare et confirmare ægrotos suavissimo solatio solet recreare patriæ filio devotissimo qui externis nationibus nominis poloni gloriam ostendit suis civibus gloriæ patrum splendidissimum monumentum cracoviæ fundavit ex decreto ordinis philosophorum consentiente universitatis senatu quo diememoriam quinquies semisæcularem erectionis studii generalis Leopoli sollemnites celebramus honoris causa philosophiæ doctoris nomen jura et privilegia detulimus in ejusque rei fidem hasce litteras universitatis sigillo impresso communiendas curavimus Leopoli die 29 mai MCMXII Ludovicus Finkel H. T. universitatis rector Mscislaus Wartenberg ordinis philosophorum H. T. decanus Joannes Jordan universitatis Leopoliensis C. R. secretarius."

WHISTLING

Whistling, in the opinion of most music-lovers, is indefensible under any circumstances. Almost all whistlers are entirely un-

musical, and the sounds they make surely contribute to what Mr. Schauffler calls "the common agonies that ordinary musical ears have to endure without respite."

Wagner repeatedly referred to the fact that all kinds of things gave him "pain of which people of lesser sensibility are not even conscious"; and Paderewski went so far as to say that any man ought to have the right to shoot a whistler at sight.

WHY NOVAES IS NOT NERVOUS

The admirable and sensationally successful Brazilian pianist, Miss Novaes, is never nervous on the stage. The reason is made clear in her own words: "When I'm playing in public I soon become so absorbed in what I am doing that I quite forget there's an audience; it simply does not exist for me. The hall, the public, the piano, and my mood may differ, but once my program is started it's all the same. I get absorbed, and pouf! I'm alone with the music."

PLAYING LIKE THE DEVIL

If Guimar Novaes had been born a few centuries ago she would have been burned as a

witch. She is young, she is beautiful, and she plays the piano like the devil.

The belief that the devil does everything better than anybody else has been held by so many people that there must be something in it. There is the old story of the famous Italian violinist Tartini, whose best piece is known as "The Devil's Trill"; it was played to him in a dream by that satanic composer.

Schubert once tried over one of his own new pieces, but found it so difficult that he jumped up from the piano stool and exclaimed angrily: "The devil may play that stuff, I can not."

After one of Paderewski's glorious recitals, the author of this volume said to him: "Now I know what you are. You are the devil!" And the great pianist was so much pleased that he retorted: "And you are an angel for saying so!"

JEALOUS OF PADEREWSKI

Pachmann once buttonholed Joseffy and said, "Do you know who are the three greatest pianists of all time?" Joseffy, naturally, was prepared for a tremendous compliment, but Pachmann answered his own question thus: "I, Liszt, and Rubinstein."

My wife once sat next to Reisenauer at a dinner. She happened to refer to Paderewski's surprizing versatility—his knowledge of so many things outside his sphere. "Yes," said his jealous rival, "he knows everything except music."

During an intermission at one of Paderewski's recitals I came across a well-known pianist who was disgusted with the enthusiasm of the audience. "Why," he said, "there is more genius in D'Albert's little finger than in the whole of Paderewski." "In my opinion, Mr. ———," I retorted, "there is more genius in Paderewski's little finger than in all other pianists combined."

That was rather strong talk, but it didn't do much good. The same pianist naïvely informed me that the Steinways had postponed his recital so that he would not interfere with Paderewski's tour. Poor fellow! He was an excellent pianist, too, even if he did breathe so loudly when playing hard that it could be heard all over the house. It gave an impression of effort which was not agreeable.

REBUKED THE GIRL

Among the pilgrims to a Viennese shrine, where a piano used by Beethoven is preserved,

was an American girl one day who walked airily to the instrument, and began playing a careless tune. Then, turning to the custodian, she said: "I suppose you have many visitors here every year?" "A great many," was the reply. "Many famous people, no doubt?" "Yes; Paderewski came recently." "I suppose, of course, he played on this piano," said the girl, her fingers still on the keys. "No," said the verger; "he did not consider himself worthy."

WITH LISZT IN THE RAIN

At Weimar, Theodore Thomas once spent a day with Liszt which he said, "was, in itself, worth the journey from New York." Among other things, he relates: "I smoked a light German cigar which he gave me, remarking 'Bechstein always sends me cigars; I do not smoke Havana cigars because they are too expensive.'

"As we walked to the hotel, it began to rain and I expected to see Liszt turn back, but he continued to walk with me, unconscious of the storm. 'You do not seem to mind the weather,' I exclaimed. Liszt laughed and replied, 'I never take notice of that which takes no notice of me.'"

A CIGAR STUNT

The famous violinist Joachim one day played the Mendelssohn concerto in Liszt's room at a hotel in Vienna. The great pianist rendered the orchestral part on the piano—an easy task for him, evidently, for while playing the finale he held a lighted cigar between the first and second fingers of his right hand!

THE TRIANGLE CONCERTO

The first Liszt concerto provided an amusing and amazing illustration of critical asininity. When it was first played in Vienna, Dr. Hanslick fell upon Liszt like a wolf because he had been so iconoclastic as to introduce a triangle in the score. The triangle is very inconspicuous—barely audible; but what business had Liszt to do what the Germans had not done in their concertos?

When Sophie Menter wanted to play this concerto in Vienna she was told that the triangle had made it impossible in that city! She was equal to the occasion. "If I can not play that concerto I shall not play at all. I don't *have* to play in Vienna."

TRICKED INTO PLAYING

How Liszt was once tricked into playing has been amusingly related in *Scribner's Magazine* by Mary King Waddington.

"Count Hatzfeldt (at that time German Ambassador to England) knew all of Liszt's peculiarities, and it was by his advice that one afternoon, when the great pianist had accepted an invitation to a reception, the piano was put in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and covered with books, statuettes, and all sorts of heavy things. 'Then,' said the Count, 'he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him.'

"After luncheon, the Count adroitly led up to a question of playing, and presently wondered if there was a piano anywhere, so he could try over a certain melody he had spoken of. The piano was found, and Liszt asked if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion.

"After a moment Liszt said, 'No, no, it is not quite that.' Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always

talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys, and by degrees broke into a nocturne followed by a wild Hungarian march.

"When it was all over, the lucky listeners tried to thank him, but he wouldn't listen to us, and immediately talked about something else."

CONQUERED THE CZARINA

Liszt, who treated royal personages as his equals (even when they were far beneath him) once offended the Empress of Russia by not hastening to her capital at her call. Some time later she happened to be present at an aristocratic *soirée* as guest. Liszt played, but her mien was so cold and forbidding that no one dared to applaud his first pieces. That put the great pianist on his mettle, and he made up his mind to conquer. Choosing for his next piece his own arrangement of Schubert's great devotional song "Ave Maria" he played it with such soulful expression that at its conclusion everybody, the Empress included, was in tears.

CASTING A SPELL

A remarkable instance of Liszt's power to cast a spell over an audience took place in

Paris when he was a mere boy. He was playing with the orchestra of the Italian Opera, the best in Europe at that time. The piece had a solo passage for him, and when the time arrived for the orchestra to come in again, the musicians were so enthralled by his playing that they forgot to begin at the right place, to the amusement of the audience, which saw in this the best compliment that their *petit Liszt,* as they always called him, had yet received.

HIS ANSWER

A tactless friend asked Liszt whom he considered to be the greatest pianist of the day. "Thalberg, of course," was the answer. "And where do you place yourself?" *"Hors concours."*

LISZT AND THE BERLIN STUDENTS

Concerning Liszt's concerts in Berlin, in 1842, the *Vossische Zeitung* has printed interesting reminiscences by Freiherr von Liliencron.

"The university students were very eager to hear the great virtuoso, but most of them were too poor to buy tickets; so Liszt announced

he would give a special concert for them, at which seats would cost only twenty-five cents, while the receipts would be given to students in need of help. The professors, however, not only interpreted the invitation as including themselves, but they brought their families and friends, so that very few of the tickets were left for the students.

"Liszt noticed this, and a dark cloud passed over his face. However, he played as he always did. After the concert the students wanted to unhitch the horses from his wagon; but Liszt jumped out, grasped two of the students by the arms, and led them all in procession to his hotel. Here he turned and made a speech in which he said he would give another concert at which no one but students would be admitted.

"At this concert he promised to play for them a fantasia on their 'Gaudeamus Igitur.' When the hour came, he did improvise a fantasia on that favorite song, which was promptly published and became very popular.

"A few days later, when Liszt left Berlin by 'extra post,' the students, 800 in number, accompanied him to a castle in the neighborhood, where a wealthy gentleman treated them all to a lunch with champagne. Liszt

made another speech, closing with the words: 'If at any time any of you meets me anywhere he is my invited guest.' "

A PIANIST'S HIDEOUS LIFE

When Hans von Bülow came to America he was at first delighted with everything. He found more "ginger" in Americans than he had found among the English, and to his mother he wrote: "I shudder when I look back at our rotten old Europe."

Disillusion, however, came. There had been much enthusiasm at his recitals, but the audience was usually small. On April 19, 1876, he wrote that his "enthusiasm for the glorious republic of the United States has been displaced by a profound disgust."

A week later came this confession: "Last night I gave my 132d concert. You will not expect me to give you a description of the hardships I have had to endure and the disagreeable life a concert giver leads—playing good music before unmusical persons or to empty benches in enormous halls where it sounds confused, empty, and dry, on a piano damaged on trains. *Hideous beyond all conception is this kind of a life.*"

IN LOVE WITH A CAMEL

The last volume of Hans von Bülow's letters includes two which are concerned with the great pianist's love-affairs. In the first he writes: "After a courtship of three years I have at last reached my goal: listen—*I am loved again.* By whom? By the *camel* of the Zoological Garden, nay, by two camels, but one of them—I have given it the name 'Antar'—knows my call, greets me, and accompanies me, behind its bars, jumping about like a little dog. This afternoon I shall take a solemn leave of these beasts. It is not impossible—for this farewell truly touches my heart—that I shall shed some genuine tears on this occasion."

THE ANNOYING PIANIST

A lady staying in a German hotel was greatly annoyed by the persistent playing, one day, in the room adjoining hers. Finally, she wrote on a card that she could stand the racket no longer and begged the pianist to stop. The maid who delivered the card came back with another, on which was written:

"Very sorry to have annoyed you. Your request is granted. *Anton Rubinstein.*"

SAW HER YAWN

A critic once asked Rubinstein why he never raised his eyes from the keyboard when playing in public.

He replied that the habit dated from a painful experience he had made when first he played in London. He had forgotten his surroundings through concentration in his work, but of a sudden a desire for companionship in his artistic joy induced him to raise his eyes; they fell, by chance, upon a stout, buxom materfamilias in the front row; his mental ecstasy was greeted by the most exaggerated yawn, impossible to imagine for the facial capacities of polite society. It will not be difficult to conceive the reaction. From this date he determined, in self-defense, never again to raise his eyes while playing in public.

HOW RUBINSTEIN ADORED WOMEN

On one occasion, when he heard that an English lady, a perfect stranger to him, had not been able, through ill health, to attend

his recital, Rubinstein went to her house the next morning and played the whole program for her. He was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and was never happier than when paying compliments to a pretty woman. When he was in London, the Princess of Wales sent for him, and he met her with the naïve remark that he was delighted to see her looking so lovely. More than that, he proceeded to kiss her hand, and when the princess withdrew, saying hastily it was not the custom in England, Rubinstein replied blandly: "With us it is the law."

Under the spell of his genius, writes J. C. Hadden in *The Étude,* hundreds of women threw themselves in his path. "It is quite strange," he would say, "but I love them all, even tenderly, tho they do not believe it." It was absolute torture to him to know that a woman who had once loved him could forsake him for another, and this, "not because I care for the woman, but because I am an egotist." Of the mental powers of the sex he had no exalted opinion. "Women," he said, "go a certain length, defined and definable, and beyond this they never get; but," he added, "they are adorable, and if deprived of their society, I would hang myself."

MUSIC AND MARRIAGE

Rubinstein disapproved of marriage for musicians. Just before his death he spoke sadly of his Russian girl-pupils. "What have I wasted all my time on them for?" he asked irritably. "Every one married! It's too provoking! Here they are, spoiled forever for art-life. What did they study for?"

RUBINSTEIN'S ODD HABITS

Rubinstein was once asked why he never gave concerts in Dresden. "In Dresden," he replied, "I play only whist." He avoided professionals there, refused to call on them, and did not invite them to his house.

The reason for this conduct is said to have been that, according to his usage, he once gave a charity concert in Dresden, with the assistance of the singers and players of the opera-house, who subsequently insisted on being paid for their cooperation. This angered the great pianist, and he never forgave them.

At one time, it appears, Rubinstein was addicted to gambling. At Baden-Baden, one evening, he won $3,000, but on another occasion he lost everything he had, and that cured him for all time.

Among the odd habits of Rubinstein, the oddest, perhaps, was that he always changed his summer- and winter-clothes on a fixed date, regardless of the weather. He never allowed a tailor to take his measure, but simply gave him an old suit as a model. He never went into a store to buy anything, and he always got up at eight o'clock, no matter at what hour he had retired.

UPSET BY A HORN

Some thoughtless or callous persons criticized Paderewski as being "cranky" because he wanted the doors to be kept closed while he played. But artists of his caliber are like sensitive plants, liable to fold up from the least rudeness when the inspiration is on them. An interesting instance is given in Sir Frederic Cowen's book, "My Life and My Friends."

Rubinstein was playing Chopin's Funeral March in St. James's Hall when a "post-horn from a coach in Piccadilly suddenly sounded. This so disturbed him (and no wonder) that he took his hands off the piano and dashed them down again pell-mell on to the keys in a fit of rage and disgust. After a while he began the piece again, but the spirit of the music had

left him, and for that day at least we were deprived of the beauty of his rendering."

Ordinary musicians can not comprehend such sensitiveness. That's why they are ordinary musicians.

TOO LOUD FOR QUEEN VICTORIA

Sir George Henschel tells an amusing anecdote in his gossipy memoirs about Queen Victoria and Rubinstein.

He and Rubinstein had received a "command" to play at Windsor Castle one afternoon. The Queen happened to sit very near the huge concert grand, the open lid of which threw the sounds forcibly in her direction. For this reason Sir George was dismayed when Rubinstein started to play Liszt's version of Schubert's "Erl-king"—for he had heard him play this before.

At the first outcry of the frightened child there happened the first of a series of movements by means of which the Queen, unnoticed by the player, gently pushed her chair further and further away from the piano, the sounds from which, in Henschel's words, "were growing more and more terrific from bar to bar, until, during the last frantic ride of

the father, keys, strings, hammers seemed to be flying through the air in all directions, dashed into fragments by the relentless hoofs of the maddened horse. By that time, however, the Queen was at a safe distance, and a charming smile of pleasure and relief stole over her serious, wonderfully expressive features when at last, home reached, Rubinstein was half, and 'the child' completely, dead."

NEW FORM OF BEARISHNESS

The famous English critic Robin H. Legge tells this anecdote: "I was once present at a party whereat Anton Rubinstein was the guest of the evening. After the gorgeous meal to which we all had been invited (the event took place abroad), Rubinstein was asked in cold blood by a daughter of the house to be good enough to play a valse, as the guests wished to dance! Bear tho he was at times, his bearishness on this occasion took a new form. He played the valse at a conventional tempo at first, but gradually accelerated it to so great an extent that ultimately no dancer, not even a Pavlowa, could have maintained it. Rubinstein promptly left the house; but this is a side issue. The point is, that even when playing the

valse in a conventional tempo he introduced so many rubatos that dancing was practically impossible."

DIDN'T COMPOSE BY HEART

Moritz Rosenthal one day was visiting a colleague who, in addition to being a pianist, also aspired to the distinction of a composer. Now it happened that when Rosenthal called, he found the top of this composer's piano strewn with scores of "Elektra," "Tristan," "Salome," and other works.

"What do I see?" naïvely protested Rosenthal, pointing to the opera scores. "And what a disappointment! I had imagined that you composed by heart."

ANOTHER ROSENTHAL STORY

There is a story about, how Rosenthal chaffed one of his friends, a fellow pianist, who was fond of playing Liszt's sixth rhapsody. According to Rosenthal, he took it too deliberately. So when his friend explained once that he had not had time to come and see him, Rosenthal had his reply ready. "Nonsense! if you have time to play the sixth rhapsody like that, you could certainly spare time to pay me a visit."

A JOSEFFY STORY

Joseffy used to tell this story:

He was present at a rehearsal of a Richter concert in Vienna when a Bruckner symphony was being prepared. The composer, seated far back in the dimly lighted hall, listened enraptured to his music, performances of which at that time were very few and exceedingly far between. Suddenly Richter struck a snag in the manuscript, at a place where the orchestra was working up an impassioned climax. Seeing that the passage repeated, Richter turned and called to Bruckner: "'F' or 'F' sharp in that chord?" Leaping to his feet, his face blazing with excitement and pleasure, the composer yelled: "Anything you like, Herr Kapellmeister; go on, go on!"

DRUNK BUT PLAYED SPLENDIDLY

An extraordinary incident in a concert-hall is related by James Francis Cooke in his interesting and valuable book "Great Pianists on Piano Playing." A famous pianist, much addicted to alcoholic beverages, was on this

occasion so drunk that he could not stand. "Nevertheless, he sat at the piano-keyboard and played tremendously difficult compositions by Liszt and Brahms—compositions which compelled his hands to leap from one part of the keyboard to the other, as in the case of the Liszt 'Campanella.' He never missed a note until he lost his balance upon the piano-stool and fell to the floor.

"Disgusting and pathetic as the exhibition was, I could not help feeling that I was witnessing a marvelous instance of automatism, that wonderful power of the mind working through the body to reproduce, apparently without effort or thought, operations which have been repeated so many times that they have become 'second nature.' More than this, it indicated that, while the better part of the man's body was 'dead to the world,' the faculty he had cultivated to the highest extent still remained alive. Some years later this man succumbed to alcoholism."

THE PIANO PLAGUE IN BERLIN

An ingenious method of allaying the "piano plague" was devised by an engineer in Charlottenburg (Berlin). He bought an auger

and bored a hole through his ceiling and through the floor of the room above him, whence the noise proceeded. Then he got some sulfureted hydrogen-gas and led it up to that room by means of a rubber tube. The piano-playing promptly ceased.

The experiment was repeated successfully on the two following days. Then the musicians became suspicious, looked into the matter, and discovered the culprit. He was brought before the court and was condemned to pay a fine amounting to $7.50 or spend six days in prison.

BLIND TOM'S AMAZING STUNTS

The death of Blind Tom attracted less attention in the daily and musical press than might have been supposed in view of the extraordinary feats this negro pianist used to perform.

One of these consisted in turning his back to the piano and, with his hands behind him, playing "The Fisher's Hornpipe" with one hand, "Yankee Doodle" with the other, and at the same time singing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching," in such a

way that the three tunes were harmoniously intertwined.

But the most remarkable thing about him was that he could promptly repeat any piece played for him. During the American Civil War he traveled in Europe, where many of the eminent musicians played for him and marvelled at his readiness in repeating what he had heard. It was not through an effort of the brain that he did this, for he was an idiot. His brain was like the disk of a talking-machine; and like a disk, it retained what was in it indefinitely.

Henry Watterson has told us that in 1860 Tom was in Washington, where he heard some of the great statesmen of the period speak. Ever afterward he was able to repeat their speeches with the exact language, intonation, and peculiarities of speech of the originals. "He was simply a human phonograph, and as such was undoubtedly the most wonderful human instrument the world has known." An odd feature of his concerts was that he always led the applause. "He would stand at the corner of the piano and face the audience with his white, sightless eyes, and while clapping his hands vigorously would hiss in his own strange manner to express his gratification."

SEX IN PIANO PLAYING

Anybody can tell blindfolded whether a man is singing or a woman, but piano playing —that's another story. Could *you* tell, on hearing a Chopin *étude* in the adjoining room, whether the player was of the fair or the unfair sex.

Brahms could. One day, in a coffee-room, Henschel, who was lunching with him, was annoyed by some one playing the study in "A" flat. "Oh, these women!" he exclaimed. But Brahms said: "No, my dear, this is no woman."

Henschel went into the next room and found that Brahms was right.

"In this respect," the composer said, "I am hardly ever mistaken, and it is by no means an easy thing to distinguish, by the sense of hearing alone, a feminine man from a masculine woman."

LOOKED ON HER AS A MAN PIANIST

Brahms was prejudiced against women pianists. One evening when seated by request next to Teresa Carreño, he commenced a diatribe on his favorite theme. "I hoped to make

my two piano concertos prohibitive for women players, and thought I had succeeded, but"—here he gave a desperate groan—"they will play them!"

An embarrassing silence fell upon the company, but Carreño with her ready tact, took the dilemma by the horns and said, "But my dear Maestro, here I sit overwhelmed with mortification!" to which Brahms replied, "My dear child, you don't for a moment suppose that this remark was directed at you; I always look upon you as a man pianist!"

REWARDED FOR HER COURAGE

Of all the piano-concertos, none is more popular to-day the world over than Grieg's. It is well known that Liszt, when he first played it over, was very enthusiastic over it; but it took the musical world some decades to catch up with him.

William Armstrong relates how Teresa Carreño played it in Berlin. She wrote to the manager, Herman Wolf, who, in reply, asked her what was to be her chief number at her début in that city. "The Grieg concerto," she replied.

"Never," he wrote back, "for here that con-

certo is not acceptable to either press or public."

"So much the better," she replied, "for I would rather fail with an unpopular concerto than succeed with another because the public liked it."

"Even tho I question your wisdom," he wrote in return, "I admire your courage. So I let it remain the Grieg."

She played it and won a big success; the audience not only applauding but waving hats and cheering.

A PIANIST'S ROMANTIC LIFE

Gottschalk, who, in his day, was one of the most popular pianists and composers, tells, in his "Notes of a Pianist," the story of how he nearly lost his soul because of his going a-gypsying in the West Indies:

"Six years madly squandered, scattered to the winds, as if life were infinite and youth eternal. Six years in the space of which I have wandered at random beneath the blue skies of the tropics, yielding myself up indolently to the caprice of fortune, giving a concert wherever I happened to find a piano, sleeping wherever night overtook me—on the green grass of the savannah, or under the

palm-leaved roof of the vaquero, who shared with me his corn-tortilla, coffee, and bananas.

"When at last I became weary of the same horizon, I crossed an arm of the sea and landed on some neighboring isle or on the Spanish main. Thus, in succession, I have visited all the Antilles, the Guianas and the coasts of Para.

"At times having become the idol of some obscure pueblo, I would pitch my tent for five, six, eight months, deferring my departure from day to day until finally I began seriously to entertain the idea of remaining there forevermore. Abandoning myself to such influences, I lived, without care, oblivious of the past, reckless of the future, and sowed both my heart and my purse with the ardor of a husbandman.

"The result of my prodigality was, that one fine morning I found myself a bankrupt at heart, with my purse at ebb tide. Suddenly disgusted with the world and myself, weary, discouraged, mistrusting men (aye, and women too), I fled to a desert on the extinct volcano of M——, where for several months I lived the life of a cenobite, with no companion but a poor lunatic who had attached himself to me.

"It was at this period that Strakosch wrote to me offering an engagement for a tour of concerts throughout the United States. I hesitated an instant, one sad look was cast upon banished days, I breathed a regret and sighed. The dream was over. I was saved."

A CHICAGO HARP IN HEAVEN

Europeans can not deny that the best pianos are to-day made in America. No artist from abroad ever brings along his foreign instrument, because he knows he can get a better one over here.

To be sure, it was in Italy and Germany that the first real pianofortes were made—so called because, thanks to the hammer mechanism, one could play on them softly or loudly at will. The first of these instruments were, however, so crude that Bach preferred to stick to his old clavichord.

Improvement was slow but steady, and thanks to such firms as Erard in France, Broadwood in England, Bechstein, Blüthner, and Bösendorfer in Germany, the instrument reached a stage where American inventive genius could come into play, with the results just stated.

To a foreign sneer that we have no native composers as great as Bach or Beethoven we can always retort courteously that we make the best pianos in the world anyway, as well as harps, tho it may not be true that an eminent musician had no desire to go to heaven unless he felt sure he could play on a harp made by Lyon & Healy, of Chicago.

A PIANIST'S 00,000 BILL

The Russians are very fond of music, and very hospitable to musicians, and these traits are not of recent date. A German paper printed some extracts from the manuscript memoirs of Peter Pixis, who traveled and gave concerts in Russian cities a century ago. He remained in Riga two months and a half at a hotel kept by Langwitz, a fanatic lover of music. When Pixis asked for his bill, he received the following:

75 portions coffee and rolls.....	00,000
Dinners for 2½ months.....	00,000
40 bottles of wine.....	0,000
Tea, etc.....	00
Lodging	000

Received with thanks,

LANGWITZ.

FIDDLE-FADDLE

CHAPTER III

FIDDLE-FADDLE

THE more you know about the violin, the more you will have relished, when you first came across it, the old "chestnut" about the Irishman who, when asked if he could play the fiddle, replied that he didn't know as he had never tried.

If piano-playing is difficult, the violin is, in some ways, even more so. A pianist may strike a wrong note but he can not play out of tune, provided the tuner has been on the job. But a violinist can—and many of them, alas! often do—play out of tune; and he has always to create his tone with his bow, whereas a piano always sounds well provided it is a good one. Even a child, or a cat walking across the keyboard, can not spoil the tone.

A piano is a huge instrument with complicated "innards," so one naturally expects big things of it. But a violin—well, often, in listening to a great virtuoso, I have said to myself: "How is it possible to get such a tre-

mendous volume and richness of sound out of that tiny wonder-box?"

I have heard Fritz Kreisler play when it seemed as if two or three violinists were heard at once—nay, a whole string quartet. With the public, the violin is even more in favor than the piano.

Kreisler is witty and so are some of his colleagues, but violinists as a rule, do not seem to be as much addicted to humor as pianists and singers.

Godowsky was sitting in a box at Carnegie Hall with several other musicians, including a prominent violinist, at the New York début of Jascha Heifetz. The audience was getting more and more ardent in its demonstrations of enthusiasm. Suddenly the violinist sitting next to Godowsky turned to him and said, "Don't you think it is very warm here?"

"Not for pianists!" wickedly retorted Godowsky.

Among those who wield the bow as violoncellists two are particularly famous: Popper and Grünfeld. The latter had an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes. With some of these he had entertained a prominent Viennese society woman one day, when some one referred to his playing,

"What!" exclaimed the hostess, "you also play the cello?"

This recalls the story of the King of Holland who, after Clara Schumann had played the piano at a court function turned to her husband—the immortal Robert S., and asked, "Are you musical, too?"

POPPER, LISZT AND THE JEWS

Richard Wagner, who was registered in school as Richard Geyer, and who was pernaps a son of Geyer, the Jewish actor, singer, painter, and playwright, was, as everybody knows, fond of abusing the Jews, following the example of some full-blooded Hebrews.

Liszt, who, so far as is known, had no Semitic blood in his veins (tho James Huneker may have found some) was once also believed (tho falsely) to have indulged in a tirade against Jews.

In an article attributed to him, he demanded that Palestine should be acquired as a homestead for the Jews, and all of them exported thither.

A few months after its appearance, when he was at Weimar, he received a visit from the eminent violoncellist, David Popper, whom

he greatly admired. "Whence and whither?" asked Liszt after greeting him cordially. "I am on my way to Jerusalem, dear master, in accordance with your wishes," was the answer.

SCHUMANN'S JOKE

Here is an anecdote about the most popular of all violin concertos. When Mendelssohn composed it he had the advice of David, the famous player.

David had alsō composed five concertos which, however, did not amount to much. It was he who first played the Mendelssohn concerto, and after the performance Schumann patted him on the shoulder and said: "There, my friend—at last you have the concerto you have been trying all these years to compose!"

JOACHIM'S FAVORITE NAMES

Joachim's ear for names seems to have been surprizingly unmusical. He had six children, to whom he gave these names: Mietze, Josefe, Lisel, Johannes, Hermann, Paul; and these, he told Julius Rodenberg, were his favorite names. The boys' names may pass, but surely Lisel is silly, Josefe common, and Mietze

atrocious. Joachim's favorite painter was Leonardo da Vinci; his favorite dramatic characters *Imogen* and *Fidelio;* his favorite historic hero, Hannibal; his favorite occupation quartet playing.

"A FLIPPANT COMEDY"

Josef Joachim was a great violinist but a very small man. In 1870, he wrote a letter to Brahms informing him that he had refused to take part in a projected Beethoven festival because Liszt had been chosen to conduct the "Missa Solemnis!"

Well-informed musicians know that Liszt inaugurated almost as great and salutary a revolution in orchestral and choral conducting as in piano-playing; but to Joachim this invitation was a "flippant comedy!"

Wagner, to be sure, considered Liszt the greatest of all interpreters of Beethoven, but in the opinion of Joachim, Wagner was not much better than Liszt!

He found something touching in the way Hans von Bülow "sacrifices himself to Liszt and Wagner; it is a pity his good qualities can not find a better channel for his enthusiasm."

Joachim had absolutely no capacity for enjoying Wagner's operas, finding even "Die Meistersinger" a bore. For this he can not be blamed; it was a matter of taste; but it was something different which, in 1870, made him write to Clara Schumann that, in his honest opinion, she "should on no account take part in a concert at which Wagner is conducting."

That such an inconceivably narrow-minded man should have been, for many years, director of the leading German high school of music seems unbelievable.

It must have cost him a pang to write, in 1893, concerning his own daughter: "She went from here to Bayreuth to study some parts with Frau Cosima; for, of course, like all operatic singers, she is under the spell of Wagner's creations. It is no good opposing this nowadays."

For once he was right. It was his action throughout life, fighting the immortals, that was a "flippant comedy."

"STRADS" FOR FEMALE FIDDLERS

The startling information came from Berlin some years ago that Joachim's famous Stradivarius was "played out"—that is, it had been

played so much that it had deteriorated in tone.

According to an expert, Harold Gorst, all the old Italian violins will some day share the fate of Joachim's, unless some millionaire gets up a violin trust and keeps the old instruments locked up; and even that would only retard the process of disintegration.

Joachim for some years advised those who could not afford to buy a "Strad" to get a Guarnerius (eighteenth century); and the price of these accordingly doubled and quadrupled.

Paganini owned a superb Stradivarius, but usually played on a Guarnerius. His taste was shared by Ysaye; and Vieuxtemps also preferred the Guarnerius, which has a stronger, more manly tone. Ultimately, perhaps, the sweet-toned "Strads" will be reserved for women players, while Guarnerius will appeal to their male colleagues.

WHAT THEY ALL SAID

On one of her artistic tours, America's foremost violinist, Maud Powell, who was a pupil of Joachim, stopped at a new hotel in Texas. She was very hungry when she went down to

dinner, but everything she ordered was so badly cooked that she could not eat it.

Finally, she got up in despair. In the elevator, unable to repress her feelings, she said to the boy who ran it: "This is positively the worst hotel I have ever been in."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied politely, "that's what everybody says."

IN THE REMOTEST BACKWOODS

Maud Powell, on her Western tours had more than one occasion to note that appreciation of art and artists is to be found in the remotest backwoods. On one occasion a brakeman who had taken care of her violin refused a tip, but asked for a photograph. Another time the expressman who had taken the piano from the station to the hall refused payment because, as he said, the honor of doing this for so great an artist was quite sufficient reward. At one remote place where Miss Powell and the Misses Mukle played, a piano had never been seen, so that instrument was followed to the hall by a procession of youngsters and adults.

WHEN MAUD REFUSED TO PAY

On the program of one of Miss Powell's New York recitals was one piece which was not played, "Golliwog's Cake Walk," by Debussy. She made a little speech to explain why. The Society of Authors and Composers had sent her a letter informing her that she would have to pay a "fine," as she put it, for playing that piece. As she considered the sum asked "out of all proportion to the importance of the piece" (great applause), she had decided to omit it and give instead, for good measure, two of the Brahms Hungarian Dances (more applause).

There are, of course, two sides to the question. It is only fair to composers that they should get something for the public performance of a piece, as an opera composer does. But to ask $25 for a single performance of a trifle is certainly excessive.

Moreover, in England publishers and composers actually pay great artists for singing or playing their pieces. As an expert remarked after that recital: "If Maud Powell plays a piece, the music stores will sell on the same day at least fifty copies of it."

"YOU PLAY LIKE A FOOL"

Life in our concert-halls is becoming intolerably dull; everybody, from the artists on the stage to the gallery gods, has become so confoundedly dignified that there isn't a thing to amuse one—unless one happens to be interested in music.

It was different in the good old times, judging by a story told by James Huneker. Fifty years ago a fiddler named Carl Gaertner, who had a higher opinion of himself than any one else (and of any one else), attended a concert given by the famous Hungarian violinist, Remenyi. After Remenyi had played a Bach sonata a hissing was heard. Remenyi bowed and asked ironically: "Will the critic who hissed my Bach please make himself known?" Immediately Carl Gaertner arose and roared "You play like a fool."

Remenyi smiled. Then, generously tendering his violin to Gaertner, he said: "Perhaps so, but will my critic show me how *not* to play Bach like a fool?"

But Gaertner only shrugged his shoulders and stalked out of the garden followed by howls and jeers.

"HOME SWEET HOME" POOR STUFF

Remenyi was always ready to play popular airs for the masses, but he was discriminating. When asked to play some trashy piece that happened to be popular, he simply refused to comply. He objected to dumping all popular tunes into the same basket, and he had the courage to raise his voice in protest at the undeserved popularity of certain airs, such as "Home, Sweet Home."

This he never played: and in an essay on "Popular Music," he said regarding it: "It is an importation, and not a happy one, either. It is not English, not American, tho the words were written by Payne,* an American. The music to Payne's words was adapted by Sir Henry Bishop, but never composed by him. It is an old, very mediocre Sicilian air, and was first sung, I believe, in 1839 or thereabouts, in an opera called 'The Maid of Milan,' in London. The prima donna who sang it first must have sung it very well, and must have been very beautiful, to have been able to nationalize into English this by no

*The original was "To the Home of My Childhood," written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and John Howard Payne merely paraphrased it. Then Bishop took the Sicilian air and adapted it to Payne's verses.

means brilliant Sicilian melodic importation. But, of course, the words helped to make the melody go down, just as the good sauce does the bad fish; and, as I said before, people are not always happily discriminating in art-matters; so it remains, nevertheless, a very mediocre musical utterance."

SURE HE WOULD CATCH UP

An English Duke, well known in musical circles for his ambition, which was excelled only by his lack of skill as a violinist, used to pay the famous Joachim and two members of his great Quartet to play at his home with himself as the fourth player. One day Joachim ventured to whisper into his ear that he was six bars behind.

"Never mind!" exclaimed the Duke. "I'll catch up before the end of the movement!"

A similar occurrence was related to Alberto Bachman by Massenet about a wealthy French amateur at Bordeaux. Four amateurs were playing a new quartet. On completing the slow movement, the first violin remarked, "Let's try the scherzo." Whereupon the viola-player chirped up, "I've just finished it!"

SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED FIDDLERS

Six thousand five hundred school-children played the fiddle one day in the Crystal Palace, London, 3,500 being heard in the afternoon, the others in the evening. The children ranged in age from eight to sixteen. Owing to the great number of players, the conductor-in-chief had to be helped simultaneously by two sub-conductors. One would suppose the results must have been excruciating, but one of the leading critics averred that "the performances were most stimulating."

HOW OLE BULL FOOLED THE PUBLIC

How Ole Bull sometimes had his fun at the expense of the public is related in an article on this great violinist by Aubertine Woodward Moore in *The Etude*:

"Ending an encore piece, a Norwegian melody, he held his bow over the strings long after the sound had ceased. While the house still rang with applause, he softly whispered, as he passed me: 'Did not I play it finely on the public?' Soon comments were heard on the refinement of an ear that could distinguish tones inaudible to others. One imaginative

person thought that she had detected an ethereal murmur to the last, admitting that she might have been influenced by the impression of angelic song mirrored on the artist's face. How Ole Bull laughed when I repeated this to him."

AN AMUSING YET SAD PARADOX

Is there anybody in the musical world who does not envy Fritz Kreisler, acknowledged the greatest of violinists not only of our time but probably of all time, the pet of the public in Europe and America? Well, what sort of a life does he lead?

Amusing paradox! Read this from Ethel Smyth's entertaining "Impressions That Remained":

"Shortly before the war Kreisler told me a horrible thing; he said, 'I have visited every town in the world, almost, of over 100,000 inhabitants, and of them all I know only the railway station, the hotel, and the concert hall.' I exclaimed it was a hideous, degrading life; why did he go on with it? He spoke of relations to support, financial crises, and so on; and when I uttered the German equivalent of 'Bosh!' he replied: 'Yes, you are right; one

gets into the groove and can't or wōn't get out of it.' "

Commenting on Kreisler's frank admission, Miss Smyth said: "This is the sort of madness of which I wish the war would purge the world."

But the war did not purge the world of this madness. The number of players and singers is greater every year. At the present rate of progress, fifty years hence they will descend on us in airships (railways being abolished), darkening the sky-line, like the clouds of grasshoppers in Egypt in a plague year.

Why this crowding? Don't these foolish young men and women know that if they fail —and nine out of ten fail dismally—they will be unhappy; and if they succeed—succeed tremendously—they will roam the earth homeless and unhappy, like Kreisler and other favorites?

But the applause, the enthusiasm of the crowded audiences—do not these atone for everything? For a time, perhaps; but soon they pall. Never was a singer more wildly applauded than Jenny Lind. Did she enjoy it? It made her furious! After her second appearance in Vienna in "Norma" she wrote: "Was called so many times before the curtain

that I was quite exhausted. Bah! I do not like it! Everything should be done in moderation, otherwise it is not pleasing."

KREISLER'S NARROW ESCAPE

During the War there was a rumor that Fritz Kreisler had been killed by the Russians. How did it originate? Here is the violinist's explanation:

"I was lying on the ground with the other wounded after the battle of Lemberg. The surgeon had just given us a hasty examination, and after he passed an officer, pointing to me, said: 'Do you kow who that is? That is Kreisler, the artist.' 'Poor fellow,' said the surgeon; 'he has not a chance; he is mortally wounded.' But the surgeon thought that the officer had pointed out, not myself, but the man lying next to me, who was in fact mortally hurt."

It was lucky that Kreisler was wounded that day and sent to the hospital. In the following day's fighting the company in which he served as lieutenant was practically wiped out by the Russian artillery.

FORGOT HIS FIDDLE

A decidedly exciting incident occurred to Fritz Kreisler once when he was traveling with his wife from Rome to Naples.

The train pulled up three or four miles out of Rome because, as often happens in the Campagna, a herd of bullocks were resting on the line, just as herds of buffaloes used to delay transcontinental American trains half a century ago. At this moment Kreisler noticed that his famous Stradivarius had been left behind at the hotel.

Uttering imprecations, he hurled himself out on to the track, made his wife pitch out their hand baggage, including violin No. II, and then received her flying form in his arms, the floor of the carriage being nearly five feet above the ground. All this time their fellow travelers, Germans, had been ceaselessly expressing their scandalization, reminding the young Austrian that to get out between stations was *"strengstens verboten,"* Kreisler in his agitation not even bothering to reply.

Suddenly as the engine gave a piercing and prolonged whistle Mrs. Kreisler's bag was seen to be missing. "Hand me down that bag on the middle seat, please, quick!" exclaimed

Kreisler. "I shall do nothing of the sort!" replied one of the Germans, and slammed the door. Whereupon Kreisler, swarming up the side of the railway carriage, wrenched the door open, pushed past the German, and while the train was slowly getting into its stride jumped after the bag to the ground.

He told Miss Ethel Smyth he would never, never forgive himself for not having punched the head of the man who slammed the door; and, being of a passionate temperament, got quite white when he spoke of the incident, which had happened at least three years previously.

DANGEROUS APPLAUSE

Leonard Liebling relates in the *Musical Courier,* Fritz Kreisler's amusing story of an experience at the Sultan's Court in Turkey.

The great violinist was doing his very best for the Sultan, the veiled women, and the befezzed courtiers, when suddenly the Great One smote loudly upon his hands, and the more the fiddler played the harder grew the Sultan's applause.

Prodigiously flattered, Kreisler was about to modulate into Paganini's twenty-four caprices and give them all without any pauses

between, when the Grand Vizier jumped to his side, grasped the violin, and whispered hoarsely: "In the name of Smyrna rugs and Damascus dates, do you wish to lose your head? Don't you hear His Majesty clapping his hands?"

"Well, what of it?" queried the astonished artist.

"What of it? Why, the Sultan is giving you the signal to stop."

NERO DID NOT FIDDLE

"For us to talk of peace leagues at this time is to be guilty of Nero's folly of fiddling while Rome was burning," an eloquent orator remarked in war days.

Poor Nero! He was guilty of many monstrous acts, but he did not fiddle when Rome was burning. How do we know that? Simply because fiddles were not built till many centuries after Nero's death.

Orators will nevertheless continue to the end of time to say that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Even mustard gas couldn't destroy that error.

Why not say something musical about that unholy Roman which is true? For instance,

that he was very vain of his skill as a singer, and to keep his voice in good condition avoided indigestible foods, especially pastry—a good example for thousands of girls who also have vocal ambitions.

UNMUSICAL NAPOLEON

Napoleon I, cared very little for music, but as a matter of course (like most persons in his predicament) he thought he knew all about it. Franz Fridberg has exhumed a story relating to him and Kreutzer—the eminent violinist to whom Beethoven dedicated one of his best sonatas and which gave rise to Tolstoy's ludicrous story, "The Kreutzer Sonata."

Kreutzer was very much elated one day when he was told that he would be permitted to play for Napoleon. But when he began to play, the Emperor listened with visibly increasing impatience, and finally, after ten minutes, he jumped up, exclaimed furiously, "Will he never stop scraping?" and left the room.

CONDUCTORIAL COMICS

CHAPTER IV

CONDUCTORIAL COMICS

THE players in a large orchestra are usually good musicians. Why, then, do they so often play badly?

It all depends on the conductor. Wagging a stick in hand isn't enough. It makes the men play together, that's all; but it can not, in itself, give their performance the animation and soulfulness which makes it enjoyable.

The conductor must know *how to interest his men in the music.* There lies the secret of success.

A joke in time often helps to rouse the men from apathy at rehearsals.

Hans Richter once interrupted the members of a London orchestra and said: "You play this like married men; it should be played as if you were lovers." It was an excerpt from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

At a public performance of this love-drama, when the orchestra started the amorous prelude, Richter looked at the first oboe and put his hand on his heart. The musician saw the joke and played with more expression.

Poor Richter didn't know much English. One day, at a London rehearsal, a woman came in and began to sweep (*kehren* in German). This annoyed him and he shouted: "Wife, don't care!"

He had his own wife, but the Charing Cross ticket agent may have doubted if he loved her when, not knowing how to put it better, Richter asked for "one ticket for me to come back and one for my wife not to come back."

Once, in crossing the Channel, Richter asked for a steamer-chair, explaining that it was for his wife: "When she doesn't lie, she swindles" (*schwindeln* is German for getting dizzy).

Richter was the first conductor who revealed to the English the full grandeur of Wagner. The same was done for America by Theodore Thomas, who prepared the ground for the greatest of Wagnerian conductors, Anton Seidl.

Thomas had the idea firmly fixed in his head that "the conductor's the thing." One day, at a rehearsal of "The Messiah," Patti got indignant because Thomas would not let her have her own way, as she thought proper,

"Excuse me, Madam," Thomas replied, "here *I* am prima donna."

He occasionally enjoyed a fight with the audience for a change. At a festival concert under his direction the idolized English tenor, Edward Lloyd, was among the soloists. The audience was frantic with joy: again and again the tenor was recalled, but Thomas refused to allow an encore. Finally he left the stage, with an air of resolution.

There was a howl of triumph from the audience, who thought he was vanquished, and would now bring Lloyd out to sing again, and the applause continued still more furiously.

"Little did they know the iron Thomas," Amy Fay writes. "When he reappeared at last, he brought out, not Lloyd, but Mme. Valda, who was next on the program. This was a master-stroke, for the crowd seeing a beautiful woman dressed in the aërial robes of spring—green tulle trimmed with garlands of roses—was too gallant to object, and felt constrained to continue the applause for her reception."

The audience, instead of bearing Thomas a grudge for his stubbornness, gave him an ovation when next he appeared on the stage alone.

On another occasion nine thousand people had roared and stamped and quite drowned him out every time he tried to go on with the next number, till he shouted for his trumpets and drowned them out in turn. It was a jazzy thing to do for a high-brow conductor, but never mind!

"The public and I have our little fallings out, but we always meet again!" he said to Mrs. Thomas, from whose fascinating "Memoirs" these details are taken.

At rehearsals, when he saw that the attention of his players began to flag, he would brighten the atmosphere with all sorts of fun and nonsense.

As we saw in the preceding chapter, Ole Bull used to "astonish the natives" by making them think he was still playing a pianissimo tone when he was simply moving his bow along the string without touching it. Thomas amused himself by doing the same thing with his orchestral arrangement of Schumann's "Träumerei." Doubtless many in the audience fancied they heard tones that were not.

This reminds me of a trick the hornists played on a German conductor. He made them repeat a certain passage over and over and over again, each time begging them to

play "just a little more softly." Finally the first horn whispered something to the others and the next time they put their lips to their instruments but did not play at all.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the conductor. "Now just one wee bit softer and you'll have it!"

BÜLOW AND THE DRUMMER

An amusing free lesson was once given by Hans von Bülow to his kettle-drummer. Stopping the orchestra at a rehearsal, he said to him, "Forte," whereupon the drummer played the passage louder. Again Bülow shouted "Forte," and louder still sounded the drum.

When the conductor once more yelled, "Forte!" the drummer finally rebelled and declared he couldn't play louder. "I didn't ask you to," answered Bülow. "You play *fortissimo*—the score calls only for *forte*."

A WITTY TRUMPETER

Bülow had been invited to conduct a performance of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" in Hamburg. The orchestra proved peculiarly obtuse, and after trying over and over again in vain to get certain passages to his lik-

ing, he threw down his baton, and made for the door, in utter disgust.

Before he reached it, the first trumpeter began to play the familiar air from "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen:" *"Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen"* ["God be with you, it might have been so fine"].

Bülow laughed, returned to his desk, and thereafter the rehearsal proceeded splendidly.

He liked particularly that kind of a musical joke and occasionally perpetrated one himself. Once, at a concert in this country, when he was preceded by a wretched singer, he sat down, when his turn came, and, before beginning his piece, played the recitative which Beethoven, in the "Ninth Symphony," gives to one of the soloists to the words, "Oh friends, not these tones."

Not a few in the audience—a Boston audience—understood, and laughed delightedly.

GOT RID OF THEM

Bülow did not want anyone to be present at his orchestral rehearsals. One day he noticed that, some way or other, several persons had managed to get in. With a wicked smile on his face he told the bassoon-players (who usu-

ally have simple parts and often are silent for some time) to rehearse alone. They began—ten bars of nothing in particular, then fifty bars of rest, and so on. Looking around after fifteen minutes, Bülow found his unbidden guests gone.

A different method was employed by Manuel Garcia when a very wealthy lady offered him any sum if he would teach her daughter, who, as he knew, would never have taken her task seriously. So he suggested that mother and daughter should be present at one of his lessons. They came, and he made his pupils repeat difficult passages an endless number of times.

Mother and daughter exchanged horrified glances, and looked on pityingly. The lesson finished, Mackinlay relates, the master bowed out the ladies, when the daughter, on passing the pupil, whispered, "It would kill me!"

"They will not come again," said Garcia to his pupil when they were gone. "You sang well."

A BON-MOT HARD TO BEAT

"For a spontaneous *bon-mot* this, made by Safonoff, the eminent Russian conductor, is hard to beat," according to the London *Daily*

Telegraph. One day Safonoff was invited to write an autograph in the album of a well-known and distinguished violinist then in charge of a restaurant band. Wrote Safonoff, "*Mon cher M.*: Malgré que tu joues au restaurant, tu restes au rang des grands artistes!"

WHO COMPOSED "SALOME"?

One evening in Berlin where Leo Blech was conducting "Salome," Strauss censured him rather rudely for dragging the tempi. Blech denied having done so, whereupon Strauss got angry, and asked: "I'd like to know who wrote 'Salome'—you or I?" "Not I, thank heaven!" retorted Blech.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY

When Conductor Stransky reached the stage-door of Carnegie Hall on his way to direct a Strauss concert of the Philharmonic Society, a new attendant, so the *Musical Courier* relates, guarded the entrance in place of the regular Cerberus. "Where's your ticket?" he inquired of the leader.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Stransky.

"It doesn't make any difference who you are. You can't get in without a ticket."

"I must get in."

"Standing-room only inside."

"That's precisely what I wish," answered the laughing Stransky. Just then Felix Leifels, the Philharmonic manager, happened along and helped the chief part of the concert out of his predicament.

SARCASTIC CONDUCTING BY WAGNER

When Wagner conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in London he was much annoyed by criticisms condemning him for not doing things *à la Mendelssohn,* who was the fashionable idol of the day.

He got even by indulging in sarcasm. When he had to conduct a piece by Mendelssohn he slowly put on a pair of white kid gloves. In one of the letters to his wife he gives these details:

"This time I conducted with considerable malice, which greatly amused my friends, both in the audience and on the stage. The first part began with that wretched Mendelssohn 'Symphony,' which was followed by several tiresome vocal and concert pieces. Now, I have heretofore always appeared on the stage with white gloves, but have always (unlike

other conductors) taken them off before the music began; this time, however, I kept them on and conducted Mendelssohn and those other pieces most elegantly and indifferently—just as the others do it, without allowing myself to be in the least disturbed. But when we reached the 'Euryanthe' overture, I took off my gloves, put them away, and then I went at it in my own way; I looked about and saw that Praeger and the others were ready to explode with laughter."

RICHTER'S REBUKE

One day, while conducting a concert, Hans Richter was annoyed by a man who persisted in tapping on the floor. Richter stood it patiently for a time, but at last he turned sharply on the offender and remarked: "I am sorry to trouble you, but I can not always keep time with your foot."

A CHILD CONDUCTOR

Some years ago, a sensation was created by a boy of eight, Willy Ferrero, who conducted an orchestra. Now, an orchestra can, if necessary, play without a conductor; but little

Willy could do more than wag a stick. Members of the orchestra who tested his ability by playing wrong notes were promptly singled out and reprimanded.

TOO HUNGRY TO PLAY

In February, 1919, 8,000 persons died of starvation in Petrograd. Yet concerts and the opera were in full swing and always crowded. But the poor musicians got so little for playing that they were worn out with hunger.

"It used to break my heart," said the eminent conductor, Albert Coates, on his return to England, "to see the sad faces of my orchestra at the Maryinsky Theater and note the apathetic way they sat through a rehearsal—the same men among whom, in former days, I used to have difficulty in maintaining the necessary discipline on account of their overflow of Russian temperamental gaiety." One day, when he asked his players to repeat something and improve on it they exclaimed: "We can't—we're too hungry."

ASTONISHED BUT PLEASED

At the time when Arthur Nikisch was engaged as conductor of the Boston Symphony

Orchestra he related the following incident in an interview:

"The modern conductor is a recreator. That is why his art is independent and productive; that is why individuality plays so important a part nowadays. Some years ago, at Leipzig, I conducted a symphony of Brahms in the presence of the composer. At first the master was overcome with astonishment; indeed, he grew quite nervous and exclaimed repeatedly: 'How is that possible? Can it be that I composed this music?' But in the end he came to me, beaming with joy, and said, 'Well, you did make everything different, but you're right—that's how it should be.'"

A CONDUCTOR'S ROUSING FIGHT

In one of the letters of Theodore Thomas printed by Rose Fay Thomas in her "Memoirs," we get a vivid idea of the troubles a conductor may have at a rehearsal. Any one who thinks a conductor has nothing to do but wag a stick should read this letter, which is dated December 1, 1889:

"This morning I had a curiōus rehearsal. It was the first Philharmonic, and I had a good deal of fighting to do. I could not get

the men to play as I wanted, and finally threw the score down on the floor and took up another with the same difficulties. But, at last, by talking and insisting and making stands play alone, I began to get the effects I wanted, and behold! it went to the ears and hearts of the men, and then, of course, all was easy.

"They were more delighted than I when they heard the result and understood what I was after. But it was a terrible fight—over a hundred men of ability, trying for something, and one man beating the stand, shouting at the top of his lungs, scolding, entreating, etc. and finally taking out his watch to show them that all this had taken an hour. The trouble is that the men can now play elsewhere as they like, and when they come back to me after a short interval it always takes half of the first rehearsal before they realize the proportions and proper conditions again. I am not dead yet, it seems."

REVERSING HAYDN'S JOKE

A modern adaptation of one of Haydn's musical jokes was made by Fahrbach. Haydn's symphonic prank represents a musicians' strike during the performance of a

piece; one player after another leaves till finally the concert-master alone remains. The reverse of this process actually happened at a rehearsal for a court ball in the royal palace in Berlin. When the time arrived the music stand was empty, and it was found that the wrong date had been given to the musicians.

Fahrbach was promptly telephoned for, and informed of the situation. He sent messengers in all directions for his men, hastened to the palace, and began to play a dance-piece all alone on his violin; presently his players began to arrive in cabs, and one after the other joined him, until the band was complete.

SOUSA'S FIRST SONG

"I suppose the way to recognition is always hard," Lieut. John Philip Sousa, America's most famous bandmaster, has said. "It certainly was for me.

"I remember the first piece I ever tried to sell. I tramped with it from one dealer to another, until I was about desperate. Finally I went into the offices of a Washington firm, determined to sell it there or give it up entirely.

"The manager was a kindly sort, but not in the least interested in my composition. First I offered it for $25. He thought that 25 cents was exorbitant. Sadly I took it up to go. Near the door I saw a whole lot of dictionaries.

" 'Will you give me a dictionary for it?' I suggested.

" 'Yes,' he said, and so I sold my first song."

CONDUCTING WITH THE EYES

Vincent d'Indy declares that it is the noblest function of a conductor to regulate the musicians by movements of the eyes.

Anton Seidl once noted that Hans Richter sometimes conducted with his eyes; and Seidl owed much of his power to the fear his men had of his all-seeing eyes, which instantly signalled and punished the slightest error or carelessness.

WATCH THE PILOT

"Watch the conductor at the next band concert," says a writer in Presser's *Étude*. "Where the music mounts to a climax the bâton sweeps in broad circles, and, when he really forgets himself, the conductor's two arms are flung

wide, and he is poised like the flying Mercury of noble art. Where the strain is suddenly hushed, he fairly crouches and shudders away from the flashing avalanche of tone. Delicate stroke and light touches mark the dainty passages, and a fierce sudden stamp of the foot the onslaught upon a rushing phrase. To watch the conductor is to open the ears of many a listener to things he had not heard before."

JUMBO ORCHESTRAS

The announcement that Tchaikovsky's Overture "1812" was played at the Alexandra Palace, London, by the band of the Coldstream Guards, reenforced by bombs electrically discharged by the conductor, brought back to memory other cases in musical history of the extravagant means of which composers have occasionally availed themselves.

Berlioz's ideal orchestra was truly Gargantuan, for it was to contain 242 strings, 30 grand pianos, and 30 harps. In the "Tuba mirum" of his "Requiem" he has written for four brass orchestras, one at each corner of the stage, while the wood-wind is quadrupled. He himself declared with pride that a member of the

audience at the production of the "Requiem" was frightened into syncope.

"You, I understand, are the musician who writes for 500 orchestral players?" said a King of Prussia once to the French master. "Your Majesty has been misinformed," was the reply; "I sometimes write for 450."

Julien, the famous conductor and dance-music composer, often added six military bands to his own enormous orchestra for his concerts in the fifties.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore made all the world talk about him because at the World's Peace Jubilee, held in Boston in 1872, he had an orchestra of 2,000 players and a chorus of 20,000. The orchestra was, moreover, reenforced by a powerful organ, anvils, cannon fired by electricity, and chimes.

FUN AND PATHOS IN THE CREATIVE WORLD

CHAPTER V

FUN AND PATHOS IN THE CREATIVE WORLD

As a rule, it does not seem to be much fun to be a composer.

The world has an aggravating way of waiting till real men of genius are dead before worshipping them. Hence much unhappiness.

"Regretting the past, trusting the future and dissatisfied with the present—such is my life," Tchaikovsky wrote.

When Liszt was asked to write his life he answered: "It was enough to have lived it."

And Wagner wrote to Liszt: "Oh, that I might not arise from my bed to-morrow, awake no more to this loathsome life."

Yet there were many happy days in the life of these men and their compeers—days when they indulged in pranks like children, bearing out the truth of Schopenhauer's remarks that "A man who does not practically remain a big child as long as he lives may be a very useful

and estimable citizen of the world, but never a genius."

One of Goethe's pranks was to stand in the market-place with the Duke of Weimar cracking whips and scandalizing the natives by his boyish behavior.

Praeger and others have told how Wagner used to get up suddenly and stand on his head. Once, at Zurich, he heard shouts above him, and saw Wagner perched on a plaster lion at a giddy height. "And how he came down! The recklessness of a school-boy was in all his movements. We were in fear; he laughed heartily, saying he had gone up there to get an appetite for breakfast."

Judith Gautier relates that at Lucerne, Wagner climbed the highest trees in his garden, to the terror of his wife, who besought her French visitor not to look at him, because, she said, "if he were encouraged he would commit no end of follies."

Even in the darkest hour of his life, when Wagner was seriously meditating suicide, his sense of humor did not leave him. On the evening before his departure to hide in the mountains where his creditors could not find him, while he was composing his comic opera, he went to his village barber and said, after

he had been shaved: "Yes, my friend, it's no use, I must go; you are altogether too exorbitant."

The poor man took this seriously and begged him not to go on that account, as he was willing to shave him for less!

Frau Wille, who tells this anecdote, and who had frequent opportunities to note the humorous, sarcastic, and playful moods of her guest, quotes the apt remark of an English writer that "there is nothing so pleasant as the nonsense of men of genius; but no fool should be present."

At social gatherings of musicians, I have often been pleased to see how eager they are to throw off all restraint and indulge in the merriest pranks, tonal and atonal.

Jazz plays first fiddle and no one cares whether it's high-brow jazz or low-brow.

France's Grand Old Man, Camille Saint-Saëns, once appeared in Madame Viardot's salon, costumed as *Marguerite* in the jewel scene of "Faust." He doubtless had the time of his life when he composed his "Carnival of Animals," some of the sounds in which ("Cocks and Hens," "Tortoises," "The Elephant," "Kangaroos" are some of the heads in the suite) are akin to jazz. And the high-

toned audience of the Beethoven Association in New York never applauded more uproariously than when this animal suite was produced.

Beethoven himself would have led the applause. He dearly loved fun and laughter. "His laugh was particularly loud and ringing." Oddly enough, "hearing wretched music was a treat to him which he proclaimed by a peal of laughter."

As a punster he was surpassed only by Shakespeare. To be sure, the pun is a low kind of wit—at least in the opinion of those who can not make a good one themselves.

Probably Beethoven did not mean to be funny when he threw a dish of stew in a waiter's face; or when he let the water run over in the wash-stand till it flooded the room below and resulted in a request to seek lodgings everywhere. This happened repeatedly. He liked to let the water run over his hands when he was composing mentally.

Much of his creative work was done when he was out in the street or in the fields. His actions then were so strange that he was taken sometimes for a madman, and once he was arrested as a "tramp."

One day a peasant on the estate of Beetho-

ven's brother was driving along an ox-team when they came across the composer in one of his frenzies. His shouting and wild gesticulations frightened the oxen and they ran away. When the driver got control of them he asked who the wild man was. Hearing that it was the proprietor's brother, the peasant retorted: "A nice sort of a brother, that!"

Schubert liked nothing better than improvising waltzes for his friends to dance to. He was the leader of a gang of Bohemians who indulged in many pranks at their "Schubertiads."

Haydn used to say: "Anybody can see from my face that I am a jolly good fellow!" His music told the same story.

Even his wife could not mar his good humor. She was a scold and had no idea of his greatness. One of her habits was to use a page or two of his manuscripts—she didn't care which—to curl her hair with.

His own pranks he began as a boy. He was dropped from his school because he had cut off the long braid of one of his mates.

Handel doubtless enjoyed life hugely when composing so fast that the ink on the top left side of his manuscript was not dry when he reached the bottom of the second page. The

sand used in his day in place of blotting-paper proves that. We all enjoy doing what comes easy.

No doubt he also enjoyed that "dinner for three" he had ordered in a London restaurant. The waiter thought there were to be two others to eat it, but soon discovered his ludicrous mistake.

And how Handel must have laughed inwardly when he grasped that stubborn prima donna round the waist, called her a she-devil and—but you will read the story in a moment.

One of the oddest facts in the history of music is that the two musical giants of the eighteenth century, Handel and Bach, were born in the same year (1685), only a few weeks and miles apart, and yet never met once in their long lives.

To-day both are known best by their religious music and therefore looked on as dignified, serious individuals. But Handel was anything but ecclesiastic in his temperament and Bach, too, was fond of the lighter, merrier side of life.

The late W. H. Humiston devoted much time to writing and lecturing on Bach's dance music and the lighter aspects of his genius in general. The following was written by him

for a program of the Friends of Music in New York.

WHEN COFFEE WAS "HOOCH"

"Once upon a time 'hooch' was—*coffee!* There were places during the eighteenth century when your boot-leggers were coffee-merchants. In one case 'coffee-smellers' were given one-fourth of the fine collected.

"On the other hand there were poems in praise of coffee—Piccander, who furnished Bach with many of his sacred texts, wrote one of these. Bach made this the text of his cantata now universally known as his 'Coffee Cantata.' It is really a sort of one-act operetta—the tenor (who is nameless) announces: 'Sh-sh, here comes the angry father with his daughter'—and the play begins."

The angry father, *Schlendrian,* is convinced —as many are now convinced—that coffee (Bach spelled it *coffe*) is injurious; and he didn't know, poor fellow, that it is harmless if fletcherized, that is, if it is kept in the mouth a while before being swallowed (that, at any rate, is what Horace Fletcher claims). Owing to his colossal ignorance of Fletcher's books, papa *Schlendrian* forbids his daughter

to drink any coffee, on penalty of not being allowed to marry. That settles the matter for the time being; but *Lieschen* turns the tables by having it understood that she has no use for a suitor who will not promise to let her drink all the coffee she wants; so she gets there all the same, and there is a final trio for soprano, tenor, and bass to these words:

" 'The cat will not give up the mouse, old maids continue "coffee-sisters"!—the mother loves her drink of coffee—grandma, too, is a coffee-fiend—who *now* will blame the daughter!' "

UTILIZING BACH'S MUSIC

It is related that Offenbach once devoted a whole evening to playing Bach to the opera composer, Limnander. His colleague was amazed at what he heard. "That's grand!" he exclaimed; "but you ought not to make this music known to the public. There is much in it that we might utilize in our own works."

Greater men than Offenbach and his friend have found in Bach much that they could "utilize."

TEMPERAMENTAL MUSICIANS

In Italy Toscanini got into the court-room one time because of his temperamental treatment of a player in his orchestra. Lulli, the Italian who became the first great composer of French operas, once snatched a violin from the hands of a player and shattered it on his back. When Hans von Bülow played in Boston he was so angered by the sight of the painted board telling the audience whose make of piano he was favoring that he tore it away and flung it onto the floor. How different from Vladimir de Pachmann, who, while the audience is applauding, throws kisses at his piano and claps his hands at it!

Handel was one of the most temperamental musicians on record. He had much trouble with his singers. Many of them were male sopranos, well known as the most arrogant and unreasonable of mortals. But with women, too, he had his troubles. All the opera singers of his time were wont to change the composer's notes to suit their convenience or whim. One day, at a rehearsal, the famous prima donna Cuzzoni refused to sing an aria he had assigned to her, and she did it in such a contemptuous way that Handel lost his

temper. Exclaiming, "I know you are a veritable she-devil, but I will show you that I am Beelzebub, chief of devils," he seized her and holding her over the window-sill, threatened to drop her to the street if she didn't promise to sing the air assigned to her. She promised.

Of Richard Wagner, who was composer, conductor, and coach combined, many temperamental stories might be told. At a rehearsal in Munich of his "Götterdämmerung" the singer who impersonated *Hagen* was a very poor actor. His clumsy way of slaying *Siegfried* angered Wagner to such a point that he rushed up, snatched the spear from his hand, and shouting, "Stupid fellow, have you never speared a man?" showed him how to do it temperamentally.

WHY DID HANDEL STEAL?

An English author called Handel "the grand old thief" because of his numerous plagiarisms. Why did he steal? The most plausible answer is that of Ernest Newman, who has suggested in the *Birmingham Post* that he was a kleptomaniac:

"Handel could not always have been in a desperate hurry; while the autograph books

are damning evidence of the systematic way in which he used to collect long passages which in some cases he would not employ until years later. On the other hand, it is absurd to suppose that Handel needed to tap other men's brains in this way. He had more music, and better music, in him than any of the men he robbed; we are bound to think that had he chosen to do so he could have built his oratorios just as well out of his own material as out of that of other people's.

"Is the final explanation just this—that we are face to face with a perversity of the moral sense indeed, but one that deserves to be called not so much *im*moral as *un*moral—*i.e.*, Handel found a peculiar gratification, which it is impossible for us now to understand in this quite unnecessary filching of other men's ideas and subsequent manipulation of them into ideas of his own? Can we employ a modern distinction of criminal psychology and call him not a thief but a kleptomaniac? A thief steals because he really needs what he steals, and paradoxical justice punishes him for it; a kleptomaniac steals because he is not in need of the article he takes, and the moralist therefore does not punish him, but sympathizes with him and explains him scientifically.

"The parallel is complete in Handel's case, for whereas the whole world shrieks 'plagiarist' at the poor little composer who happens to put a theme from a bigger man in a work of his own, people smile indulgently at the colossal impudence of Handel's thefts. He resembles not the shop girl who takes a sealskin jacket belonging to her employer because she has not a jacket of her own to wear, but the lady of independent means who slips a packet of hairpins or a silk blouse into her muff when no one is looking. He is not so much a music thief, in fact, as a music lifter of depraved tendencies. No one ever stole so systematically and so extensively, yet at the same time so needlessly."

WAS MOZART A THIEF?

Was Mozart a plagiarist? At a concert in Dortmund the program included a suite of dance pieces by Paul Peurl, one of which began with a melody absolutely identical with the first eight notes in "The Violet" by Mozart. "The Violet" is Mozart's best song. Peurl was born in 1580, Mozart in 1756.

Did Mozart know that dance piece? It seems unlikely; but if he did and borrowed

the tune, he merely did on a small scale what Handel did on so large a scale that one of his greatest admirers in England dubbed him the "Grand Old Thief."

Molière was also a grand old thief; so was Shakespeare.

Once, when Handel was censured for taking a melody from another composer, he exclaimed: "That pig did not know what to do with such a tune."

BEETHOVEN WAS NOT A GERMAN

Talk of the effect of a red rag on a bull! That's nothing to what a German will do when you say that his musical idol, Beethoven, was a Belgian.

Inasmuch as all the biographers of the great composer state that his ancestors came from the Netherlands—Louvain and Antwerp—while as long ago as 1837 there appeared at Amsterdam a pamphlet entitled "Lettre à M. le Bourgmestre de Bonn, contenant les prénoms de l'origine hollandaise de L. v. Beethoven," it seems funny that a dispute on the matter should ever be raging, but the assertion made by Robin H. Legge of the London *Daily Telegraph,* some years ago, that "the fact that Bee-

thoven was born in Bonn no more makes him a German by blood than your being born at sea makes you a fish, or even a mermaid," caused him to be pelted with at least a hundred letters, "many from German university professors, and all full of the most raucous abuse. One," he says, "is unforgettable, for a Jena professor, to whom a friend directed my article, replied to his friend, who forwarded the reply to me. That reply began, 'Why do you pester me with the lucubrations of those ignorant asses who write in the English press of art and literature? You know perfectly well that I never pay the slightest attention to them.'

"There follow on this eight large quarto double pages of 'proof' that Beethoven was a German, and one can only wonder," exclaims Mr. Legge, "what the learned professor wrote when he condescended to 'pay attention' if he was driven to such length when merely ignoring his opponent."

NONE OF THESE WERE GERMAN

In an article on César Franck, Ernest Newman says that it "was quite in keeping with the irony of things that the greatest French

musician of the second half of the last century should not have been a Frenchman. History is full of these little strokes of humor. The greatest Frenchman of modern times—Napoleon—was an Italian. The greatest modern German musician—Beethoven—was half a Dutchman. Germany gets the credit, not only for Liszt, who was a Hungarian, for Gluck, who was a Bohemian, and for Haydn, who was a Croat, but for four of the greatest living conductors—Richter (a Hungarian), Nikisch (a Hungarian), Mahler (a Bohemian Jew), and Weingartner (a Dalmatian).

He should have added the greatest of all Wagner conductors, Anton Seidl, who was a Hungarian.

WHEN BEETHOVEN WAS AN ASS

He said so himself. His great biographer, Thayer, relates that towards the end of his life the great composer heard a friend of his practising his thirty-two "Variations in C minor." After listening for some time he said, "Whose is that?" "Yours," was the answer. "Mine? That piece of folly mine? Oh, Beethoven, what an ass you were in those days!"

Of course, Beethoven had a perfect right to

make an ass of himself. He did not live in America but in a monarchy, where young people had *some* liberty. He was a young man when he wrote those interminably tiresome "Variations." But because of the halo around his name, musicians (the best of them included) still play them and audiences dutifully applaud. Such hypocrisy does not prevail in any other art.

DEAFNESS ALMOST LED TO SUICIDE

Beethoven's deafness was already foreshadowed tragically in 1798, that is, twenty-nine years before his death. In 1800 he wrote: "The humming in my ears continues day and night without ceasing. I may truly say that my life is a wretched one. For the last two years I have avoided all society, for it is impossible for me to say to people, 'I am deaf.' Were my profession any other, it would not so much matter, but in my profession it is a terrible thing; and my enemies, of whom there are not a few, what would they say to this?

"To give you an idea of this extraordinary deafness, I will tell you that when at the theater, I am obliged to lean forward close to the orchestra, in order to understand what is

being said on the stage. When somewhat at a distance I can not hear the high tones of instruments, voices. In speaking it is not surprizing that there are people who have never noticed it, for as a rule I am absent-minded, and they account for it in that way. Often I can scarcely hear any one speaking to me; the tones, yes, but not the actual words; but as soon as any one shouts, it is unbearable . . . I beg you not to tell any one about this."

Two years later he wrote: "But how humiliating was it, when some one standing close to me heard a distant flute, and I heard nothing, or a shepherd singing, and again I heard nothing. Such incidents almost drove me to despair; at times I was on the point of putting an end to my life—*art* alone restrained my hand."

This occurs in the document known as "Beethoven's Will," in which he bids his relatives farewell.

COSTLY TRIFLES

Beethoven was not much of a letter-writer, and many of his letters are concerned chiefly with questions of payments for his compositions. He was deaf, but he would have probably become dumb, too, with astonishment if

he could have known that in the year 1908, a Leipzig bookseller would offer for sale, for $5,500, seven short pianoforte pieces which he himself called *Bagatellen* because he regarded them as mere trifles, and which he probably would have considered worth at most $5 apiece. The "Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli" were offered by the same antiquarian for a paltry $10,500.

WITHOUT A WIFE

An autograph Beethoven letter sold at an auction in London contained these two sentences: "This horrible fourth floor, oh God, without a wife: what an existence! Every stranger steals my things."

A DISORDERLY ROOM

The Baron de Trémont left this picture of Beethoven's room:

"Picture to yourself the dirtiest, most disorderly place imaginable—blotches of moisture covered the ceiling; an oldish grand piano, on which the dust disputed the place with various pieces of engraved and manuscript music . . . a quantity of pens encrusted

with ink, compared wherewith the proverbial tavern pens would shine; then more music. The chairs, mostly cane-seated, were covered with plates bearing the remains of last night's supper, and with wearing apparel, etc. Balzac or Dickens would continue this description for two pages, and then would fill as many more with a description of the dress of the illustrious composer; but, being neither Balzac nor Dickens, I shall merely say, I was in Beethoven's abode."

IGNORING ROYALTY

Another pretty musical anecdote has been spoiled. Everybody knows the incident related by Bettina as having occurred at Teplitz in 1812: Emperor Francis, walking down the street with his daughter, the Empress, the King of Saxony, and the Archduke Rudolf, meeting Goethe and Beethoven. Goethe stands aside courteously, bowing low, while Beethoven walks on without paying any attention to the royal group.

In the second volume of his "Goethe in Austria" August Sauer now points out that neither the Emperor nor the Archduke Rudolf was at Teplitz at that time. He admits,

however, that the story is *ben trovato*: the poet and the composer, under those circumstances, would have been quite likely to act just that way. Beethoven once did meet a royal group like that described, at Baden, and paid no attention to it; and the Emperor is reported to have said: "We shall have to get used to such individuals."

WAS BEETHOVEN A COWARD?

Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," always suggests the question, "Was that great master a coward?"

He certainly was bold as a lion when it came to facing realities. He treated royalty and aristocrats as his equals. Critical attacks on the style and structure of his works merely excited his hilarity. Seyfried relates that when he came across criticisms accusing him of making blunders in musical grammar he laughed loudly and, rubbing his hands gleefully, exclaimed: "Yes, yes! They put their hands together and open wide their mouths because they have not seen anything like it in the text-books of harmony."

In one matter, however, he was a coward. Before his day program-music was not held in honor. He then wrote a symphony, the "Pas-

tōral," which is program-music, pure and simple, as much so as Liszt's "Mazeppa" or Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre." His own titles for the movements were: "Cheerful impressions on arriving in the country: by the brook; merry meeting of country folk; thunderstorm; shepherds' hymn of gratitude and thanksgiving after the storm."

Yet what did he do? Instead of flinging this boldly programatic work in the face of the conservative pedants, he dodged around the corner by explaining that his symphony is intended to be "more expression of feeling than tone-painting."

For once he was scared by his own courage! If ever there was realistic tone-painting it is in the "Pastoral Symphony."

WHY BRAHMS NEVER MARRIED

One day in spring, three years before his death, Brahms made an excursion with Brüll, Heuberger, Door, Mandyczewski, Specht, and others. They stopped at a tavern for a meal, and when one of the ladies in the party tipped over a saltcellar, he called to her to hurry and pour red wine on it.

Afterward, when he had been joking with

the girl waiter, one of the friends said: "You ought to get married yet." But Brahms suddenly turned very serious and declared that it was too late for him to marry.

What was there about him that could attract a woman? His money? Or his art? There might be some one whose admiration for his music might make her willing to marry him. In that case, why not simply send her the music, the cause of her admiration? "No, no!" he concluded emphatically, "it would be impossible. I would have to despise any woman willing to marry me."

On the way back he barely opened his mouth; but when they passed a confectioner's and saw some poorly attired children gazing wistfully at the sweets within, he took them in and bought what they wanted.

Specht concludes his article with the words, "Through Brahms no woman has become immortal." "Is that the key to his works?"

A SAUCY BULL-FIDDLER

A good story is told of Brahms's father, who was a contrabass player in a Hamburg orchestra. One day the conductor remarked that he was playing too loudly, whereupon old man

Brahms retorted: "Herr Capellmeister, this is *my* contrabass, I want you to understand, and I shall play on it as loudly as I please."

TOLD TO GO HANG THEMSELVES

In England no self-respecting music-festival committee deems it consonant with its dignity to produce in 1924, say, a work which was the novelty of a rival festival in 1923 or 1922; and hence, when approaching a composer, invariably stipulates for nothing less than a brand-new work. Brahms once rebuked a festival committee deservedly because of this attitude. He intimated in "plain Dutch" that some of his choral works already produced could stand repetition, and that if those were not good enough, the directors might go hang themselves.

LIMITED IMMORTALITY

The witty and sarcastic remarks of Brahms are likely to live as long as any of his music. A choice specimen is the anecdote about an enthusiast who declared that a certain new piece of music would prove immortal. "How long?" was Brahms's laconic retort.

CARELESS

Brahms was remarkably careless about his manuscripts. His biographer, Max Kalbeck, relates in the volume of Brahms's letters, that he always sent them in an ordinary wrapper by book-post, if possible.

Once, in Vienna, a friend brought him back the score of the "E Minor Symphony," which he had had to look at, and was horrified to see Brahms hurriedly tie it round with a piece of tape, and address it to Joachim just as it was. On his friend's entreaty that he should register it, Brahms replied: "Nonsense! Stuff like this doesn't get lost. If by chance it should, why, I should write out the score again, that's all. All the same, I will be good, and register things in the future."

TWO JOKES ON BRAHMS

"Do you like Brahms?" asked an Englishwoman of a mere man. And the man answered: "I don't know. What are they?"

In Vienna they tell a story of a journalist who one day remarked to Brahms, as they were passing the composer's house: "Fifty years hence a Viennese and a visitor will walk

along here and the Viennese will say: 'In that house Brahms—'" "Stop it," interrupted the composer, "I don't like that kind of talk." "Just let me finish my sentence." "No, no." "But I will. 'In that house,' the Viennese will say, 'Brahms used to live.' And the visitor will ask: 'Who was Brahms?'"

A LUCKY FELLOW

Once at a social gathering, a violoncellist who was a poor player and had a small tone, persuaded Brahms, much against his wishes, to accompany him at the piano. Brahms sat down and began to thunder out chords and arpeggios fortissimo, adding to the din by holding down the pedal and producing a chaos of discords, while the poor 'cellist sawed away frantically but in vain. When they got through he said: "Oh, you played so vigorously that I could not hear myself at all." "Lucky fellow!" was Brahms's retort.

HURLED HER BROOM AT BRAHMS

One evening when Brahms and the pianist, Epstein, were going home late amid rain and snow they came across a well-dressed man ly-

ing in the street, apparently very ill. He was able to tell them where he lived—in an adjacent street—so they carried him to the house and started for the fourth floor; but before they reached it, a woman with the mien and voice of a fury appeared above them and shouted: "Aha! so you are the fine fellows who seduce my husband to drink and carouse with them through half the night? Are you not ashamed of yourselves? Wait, I'll help you!" And with that she hurled her broom and another volley of abuse at the two musicians, who took to flight precipitatedly.

A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING PERSON

Brahms was never known to look into a mirror; his reason being that he "didn't fancy himself!" Had he done so he would have seen an incongruous-looking figure, with legs too short and slight to carry the heavy torso and truly magnificent head which alone redeemed the outer man from the aspects of vagabondism. He was very fond of going about bareheaded and once when on a walking tour through northern Italy with his friend, Simrock, the latter declared that the peasants they passed, with the Italians' unerring eye for beauty,

stopped to exclaim *"che bella testa!"* His trousers were short and baggy and from their lower edge was apt to protrude several inches of checked cotton underwear. He was never seen in anything but a shabby brown frock coat hanging loosely from the collar and bulging at the pockets, unless the heat forced him to change into a mohair garment of nondescript contour, or a dilapidated house-jacket of velveteen. It is small wonder that on one occasion he was refused admittance to the Simrock house by a newly installed concierge, who defended his action by saying that "he had instructions to allow no suspicious-looking persons to enter the front door."

"THE GRAVE IS MY DELIGHT"

Here is a particularly good one on Brahms: His friend, the poet, Mosenthal, once complained that he took his art too seriously. On Brahms expressing the opinion that he was sometimes in a joyful mood, Mosenthal retorted: "I agree with you. When you are in a right merry mood then you sing: 'The Grave Is My Delight.'"

A REMARKABLE MEMORY

Brahms was noted among his friends for his remarkable memory. One day in 1884, Hans von Bülow, talking about his impending concerts, remarked that he would like to play again in Vienna if he could find an absolutely novel program. Brahms suggested humorously that he might play the whole of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" at one recital. Bülow took this seriously, and commented on the difficulty of memorizing these twenty-four preludes and fugues. "But it must go," he added, "I had thought of that myself. What do you think?" Brahms expressed his doubts, "but," he added, "if you will promise not to let me interrupt your conversation, I will play the whole twenty-four for you. Or, rather, as that would take too long, I'll let you test me by asking for any number you choose." Four of the numbers were thereupon selected, and Brahms sat down and played them to perfection. "In the face of such competition I lower my sails," said Bülow, and lit another cigaret.

BRAHMS, SARDINES, LISZT, AND BACON

From a gastronomic point of view, Brahms was a much less estimable man than Liszt. In her fascinating autobiography, Liza Lehmann (whose "In a Persian Garden" made her famous throughout America) tells a harrowing tale about Brahms's table-manners. While she was visiting Clara Schumann (widow of the great Robert), Brahms also came. He didn't take the slightest interest in the young Englishwoman or her singing; but for this, she writes, "I was very thankful; for, truth to tell, his rather coarse and bluff manners made me shrink into my shell; and when, one morning at breakfast, he gobbled up a whole tin of sardines and made assurance doubly sure by drinking the oil from the tin at a draught, he, so to say, finished *me off* as well as the sardines!"

The horrid Hamburger! How different Liszt! Concerning him Liza (pronounced "Leeza," she tells us) Lehmann writes: "Among the musicians, Liszt was a particular friend of my parents, and he formed a delightful habit of dropping in for his favorite dish of bacon and eggs, which, by the by, he always pronounced 'baccon and aches.' While they

were being prepared he often used to play to us on the piano, sometimes his newest compositions, or to rhapsodize in an inspired manner."

LISZT LIKED BACON

It was just like Liszt to discover the superlative excellence of English bacon, which the Continental Europeans have nothing to match. It was a way of his to find and enjoy the good things in the cuisine of all nations, musically as well as gastronomically speaking. Brahms, to be sure, liked smoked meat, too—"gselchtes," they call it in Vienna, where he lived; and that is perhaps the one redeeming feature in his moral character; bearing that in mind, we can still enjoy his second symphony.

When Liszt first began to play in public he came to places where his fame had not preceded him. One evening there were only a dozen persons in the auditorium. Instead of playing, he invited them all to supper, where he treated them to truffles and game and champagne and cognac and all the delicatessen in season. Then he sat down at the piano and played for his guests for two hours, as only he could play. A few days later he announced another recital, in a larger hall. It was filled,

but the audience was not invited to supper. As a press agent, evidently, Liszt could have given points to the best of ours.

INSULTED HIS FRIENDS

A biographer of Brahms, commenting on his rudeness, tells how his old friends deserted him one after another. Cornelius was one of the first who found his rudeness intolerable. Goldmark could not endure him much longer. He offended and lost his ardent champion, the famous surgeon Dr. Bilroth, and, as Richard Wallaschek remarks, "he insulted a number of less eager and intimate friends, quite without reason."

Even Hans von Bülow; that was the climax. Bülow, who had devoted a part of his life to him, who had, after his Wagnerian struggles, fled to Brahms as to a guardian angel, wrote one day: "There are things which even *Gottvater* must not do to me."

VERDI'S HISTORY OF THE POPES

Commenting on the discovery of the complete manuscript, in Verdi's handwriting, of a History of the Popes, the London *Daily Telegraph* said: "It seems marvelous that the com-

poser should have found time, in the intervals of opera-writing, to carry out a literary task of such importance and magnitude."

Some of those intervals between operas were, however, long enough to give time for almost anything. After composing "Aïda," Verdi rested on his laurels sixteen years before he produced another opera, "Otello." The only thing he composed in this period was his "Requiem."

VERDI, GIRLS, AND WINE

Beethoven was very irascible, and his table manners were worse even than Brahms's. He was also very absent-minded, and one evening he sat in a corner of a restaurant two hours hatching out a new sonata or symphony. Then he called the waiter by pounding on the table, and asked for his *"Rechnung."* "But you haven't had anything," said the surprized waiter.

To come back to Liza Lehmann, she also had the privilege of meeting Verdi. Her father was painting a portrait of the composer of "Il Trovatore" for his collection in the British Museum, and one evening, father and daughters, were invited to dinner.

"There were present only Verdi and his wife, Arrigo Boito, and ourselves. It was a very delightful and memorable evening, and Signora Verdi's dinner was quite a *tour de force*. I remember that the fish was about a yard long, served whole, and decked all down its spine with red camellias. Verdi was amused to find we English girls drink no wine. 'Why not?' he queried. 'Don't you like it? What effect has it on you?' And how he roared when my sister answered: '*Mi fa freddo nel dosso*' (It makes me cold down the back)."

WAGNER AND QUEEN VICTORIA

In one of Wagner's letters to Liszt, written while he was conductor of the London Philharmonic, he says: "You have probably heard how charmingly Queen Victoria behaved to me. I really seemed to have pleased her Majesty, and in a conversation I had with her, by her desire, after the first part of the concert, she was so kind that I was really quite touched. These two, the Queen and Prince Albert, were the first people in England who dared to speak in my favor openly and undisguisedly, and if you consider that they had to deal with a political outlaw, charged with

high treason, and 'wanted' by the police, you will think it natural that I am sincerely grateful to both."

AN UNTIMELY THUNDERSTORM

During one of the rehearsals of "Götterdämmerung" at Bayreuth, in 1876, a terrific thunderstorm burst upon the theater. When Wagner heard the rolling of the thunder, he thought it came from the stage, at the wrong time. With angry mien he hurried across his little bridge to the stage and shouted: "There it is again! Who is responsible for this thunder in the wrong place?"

One of the singers who heard this question was Siehr, who answered with a smile: *"That* thunder we can not stop, dear Meister."

TWO MORE THUNDER STORIES

The famous Wagnerian contralto, Marianne Brandt, once had an interesting meteorological experience. It was when she first sang *Rachel* in "La Juive." Just as her principal scene began, the sky darkened and a violent storm came on. It became so dark in the hall that the lights had to be turned on. Amid real thunder and lightning she uttered the words:

"Night and its terrors, the rumbling of distant thunder, Oh heavens, how horrible!" The situation made a deep impression on her, stirring her soul to its depth and calling forth latent dramatic powers which in turn thrilled the audience.

Theodore Thomas had a similar experience during a performance of the storm-movement in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. "Once in my life," he told Amy Fay, "I had a great sensation while conducting that movement. We were playing in the Central Park Garden, which, as you know, is built upon a rock. The night was stormy, and being warm, all the windows were open. Exactly at the instant when Beethoven brings the crash of thunder in the storm episode of this symphony, a real thunderbolt of the most terrific kind rent the heavens—it came precisely with the fall of my stick! Ah, that was a moment to live for! Only, I ought to have had an orchestra of a thousand to match such an instrument of percussion."

YET WAGNER WAS NOT SATISFIED

After hearing "Parsifal" some fifty times the author of this book was always awed and thrilled by its final scene as much as he was

at the first performance of this work ever given, in 1882, at Bayreuth.

The scene, pictorially and poetically, is, indeed, one that could not fail to arouse every creative cell in Wagner's brain.

The tormented *Amfortas* has torn open his bandages and begs his knights to end his life, when *Parsifal* enters and touches the *King's* wound with the tip of the healing spear. He then takes the glowing Grail cup in his hand, while a halo of light is shed over all. A dove descends and hovers over his head. *Kundry* sinks slowly to the ground, lifeless; the knights kneel in ecstatic adoration, while the voices in the cupola almost inaudibly chant the miracle of redemption.

To express this sublime scene musically Wagner had a large body of stringed instruments, besides three flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets and a bass clarinet, three trumpets, three trombones, a tuba, timpani, and other percussion instruments. What he did with these instruments is so entrancing, so utterly indescribable, that one is tempted to call it the climax of all human art. The deeply saturated colors make one think of the Italian sky, a vivid rainbow, American autumn leaves, the hues of an Arctic aurora,

all translated into sounds. Yet Wagner was not satisfied.

The reality fell far short of what he heard in his mind's ears and he was tormented by his inability to put what he thus heard on paper. He himself said that he made some forty desperate efforts to do this. The orchestra at his disposal—the finest orchestra ever gathered together anywhere—was too primitive for him. The sounds he heard mentally and which he wanted others to hear actually could not be obtained by any combination of instruments at his disposal. "Years ago," he exclaimed, "I had an alto oboe specially constructed for me. I should have done the same for all the wind instruments. You can not conceive how it tortures me not to have them."

"A LOATHSOME PAIR"

That Richard Wagner was as unhappy with his first wife (the actress Minna Planer) as he was happy with his second wife (Cosima, daughter of Liszt) is known abundantly from his autobiography and his letters to Minna, which have been printed. Of Minna's letters few have been given to the world. The Munich *Forum* gave publicity to those written

by her to the wife of the poet, Herwegh. They are mostly of the years of 1858-59, the time when "Tristan and Isolde" was being written.

At that time Minna was furiously jealous of Mathilda Wesendonck, who is generally supposed to have been the "original *Isolde*"; and of this jealousy there are traces in most of the letters written to Emma Herwegh. In one of them she declares that no woman had ever been so grossly insulted by her husband as she had been. Her indignation was vented on the opera itself as well as on the woman who inspired it and the man who composed it. To her, "Tristan and Isolde" are a loathsome pair."

DOGS AND PARROTS

It is well-known that Wagner loved dogs and parrots much more than he loved most human beings. To what an extraordinary degree he carried his devotion to his animals is amusingly illustrated in an article in the "Wagner Jahrbuch," in which Dr. Istel cites some reminiscences penned by the son of the composer, Weber. At the time when Wagner was busy writing his "Tannhäuser," he used to invite the Webers and other friends, and read

scenes from his new operatic poems. If any one had interrupted him on these occasions, he would have been furious; but the animals were allowed to do as they pleased. For instance, when he read the love scene between *Elsa* and *Lohengrin* the parrot suddenly exclaimed, "Richard, come upstairs," and then imitated the clinking of glasses. A moment later the dog would bark or howl, while Wagner endeavored with coaxing words or with tid-bits to quiet it.

WAGNER'S LOVE OF NIGHTINGALES

In the *Bayreuther Blätter,* Dr. B. Hoffman had an article on the bird-music in the second act of "Siegfried." He attempted to prove that Wagner made artistic use therein of the song of four different kinds of birds, including the nightingale. Concerning Wagner's love of the nightingale, an interesting anecdote is related in a more recent publication, "Bayreuth vor dreissig Jahren."

The author of this, Richard Fricke, had a friend who was very eager to attend some of the "Nibelung" rehearsals in 1876. This friend, Dr. Baldamus, had been remarkably successful in acclimating nightingales and

other birds in Coburg. Fricke, who knew this, informed him that there was a rigid rule against the admission of laymen to the Bayreuth rehearsals, but that he would nevertheless be sure to get in if he promised Wagner that nightingales should sing in his garden in two years. The doctor followed his advice, and Wagner exclaimed enthusiastically: "If this man brings nightingales into my garden he shall attend all the full rehearsals this year and next!"

PUCCINI AND WAGNER

Here is an andecdote related to Mr. Halperson by Mr. Gatti-Casazza a few years ago, when Wagner's "Tristan" was first performed in Milan, under Mr. Gatti's direction, and under Toscanini.

After the performance a man said to Puccini: "What horrible music! It is really barbarous! How I look forward to the next performance of your 'Bohême,' which will be a real joy after this impossible music."

But Puccini exploded like a bomb. "Sir!" he exclaimed, "are you trying to make fun of me? You surely can not utter such nonsense seriously. Do you not know that we have just

heard the greatest musical master-work of all time? And you dare to mention my 'Bohême' in the same breath with this wonderful score?"

TOLD BY HIS SERVANT

Some years ago Austrian newspapers announced the death of a woman of seventy-five named Prucha, who was one of Wagner's servants during his sojourn in Vienna, in 1862.

Her chief duty was to take letters to various persons in Vienna, as Wagner, for some reason or other, did not wish to entrust them to the post. Sometimes she had to go on an errand as late as eleven o'clock at night. He paid her well—60 kreutzers for each errand. She also bought supplies for the kitchen and otherwise made herself useful.

She heard that Wagner was fabulously rich —that he got as much as 2,000 florins for a single composition. The *meister* always got up early, and after a bath and massage by his valet, he took a walk with his three dogs, returning with a good appetite for breakfast. While he was eating it was still possible to talk to him. But afterward, when he had begun to play on the piano and write, he was inaccessible.

Among his frequent visitors was Prince Liechtenstein; yet even he was sometimes not admitted when Wagner did not wish to be interrupted in his work.

He often wore colored garments at home, including yellow trousers. When Frau Prucha told him that people made fun of him on that account, he retorted that it was none of their business what he wore in his own house. When he went out, he dressed like other people.

HARD LUCK

When Richard Wagner had finished his "Rheingold" and "Walküre" (in 1856) he offered them, for $750 each, to a Leipzig publisher, who refused them. To-day $20,000 would not buy one of those scores.

In 1858, when he was composing "Tristan," he found himself in such financial straits that he offered the "Tristan" score to the same publishers for $800, on condition they would advance half that sum on receipt of the manuscript of the first act. They agreed to this; but before the money was due, Wagner was obliged to go to Paris, to secure the copyrights on his operas.

Having no money to travel, he asked Liszt

to lend him $200. Liszt was poor at that time, as he had given up playing, and his compositions were not profitable. He borrowed the money, however, of his son-in-law, Ollivier, and sent it to Wagner, who went to Paris and took a room at the Hôtel du Louvre.

The waiter who took care of this room succeeded in breaking open Wagner's trunk, and escaped with the greater part of the doubly borrowed money, which represented one-quarter of the profits on the composition of "Tristan."

THE FLOWER GIRL MUSIC

Anton Seidl, the great conductor, who was for several years Wagner's secretary told the author of this volume an interesting story about the Flower Girl music in "Parsifal."

One day he heard Wagner introduce these enchanting strains in an improvisation on the piano. Naturally, he was deeply impressed. Some years later, when Wagner was at work on some sketches for "Parsifal," he played some of them for his assistant. When he came to the Flower Girl music Seidl remarked: "Oh! I know that!"

Wagner jumped up excitedly, almost angrily, and wanted to know where Seidl had heard

it. He was pacified when told where, but for a long time the shock remained, for he often said to Seidl: "Well, have you found any more familiar things in my music?"

A BATCH OF WAGNER JOKES

Like echoes of a century ago sound to us the jokes that are collected in "Wagner in der Karikatur," by Kreowski and Fuchs.

Mother (to daughter at the piano): "That's wrong what you are playing, child." Daughter: "Mamma, I am playing 'Tannhäuser.'" Mother: "Ah, that's different."

"What do you think of it?" asked a Leipziger after the first performance of "Götterdämmerung." "That isn't easy to say," retorted the other. "It is grand music which one must hear repeatedly, but I shall not hear it again."

One of the caricatures shows Wagner confronting the leaning tower of Pisa and addressing it thus: "After my triumphant successes in Bayreuth, Leipzig, and countless other cities, I had expected you to bow lower."

IN A FLAT MAJOR

An amusing anecdote illustrates Wagner's absolute absorption in his task while compos-

ing "Parsifal." His favorite author was Schopenhauer, yet one evening when Dr. Gwinner read to him from the works of that philosopher, he suddenly exclaimed: "I shall have it in A-flat major!"

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS

Wagner and Rossini are supposed to have been antagonistic in every way, but E. Michotte, in his book, "La visite de R. Wagner à Rossini," relates how the two men exchanged compliments and witticisms. Wagner, pleading for the freer style of vocal melody used by him—diplomatically referred to a passage in "Guillaume Tell" ("Sois immobile," act iii, finale), where melody of this type was to be found. To which Rossini wittily replied, "So then, I have composed 'music of the future' without knowing it?" and Wagner as graciously answered, "You have made music for all time, *maestro,* which is better still!"

FAME AN ILLUSION, WORK A BURDEN

In his thirty-seventh year, Rossini reached his zenith with "William Tell." And with that opera he closed his stage career, altho he lived thirty-nine years longer. The most

extravagant offers from publishers did not tempt him any more than the idolatry of the public, or the entreaties of fair women.

"My dear Troupenas," he wrote to one of these publishers, "for fame I do not write any more, and money I have all I need. Fame is an illusion, work a burden."

And this most airy of philosophers was a *gros mangeur,* an enormous, a passionate eater. "The stomach," he wrote, "is the conductor who rules the grand orchestra of our passions. An empty stomach is to me like a basson which growls with discontent or a piccolo flute which expresses its desire in shrill tones. A full stomach, on the other hand, is the triangle of pleasure, or the drum of joy. To eat, to love, to sing, to digest—these are, in truth, the four acts of the comic opera we call life. Whoever lets it pass without having enjoyed them is a consummate ass."

He used to say he had missed his vocation. He was certainly prouder of his skill in dressing a salad than of his achievements as an opera composer. One day, when a friend, taking him at his word, asked him why he had not become a cook, he replied that he would have done so had not his early education been too much neglected.

It was Rossini who made the remark that the turkey is a disappointing bird—"too big for one and not big enough for two."

Seven world-famed artists sang at Rossini's funeral: Patti, Alboni, Nilsson, Duprez, Faure, Carvalho and Tamburini.

A LAZY FELLOW

Mascagni boasts that he composed his opera, "Lodoletta," in one hundred days. That's nothing. Rossini wrote his "Barber of Seville" in a fortnight; and when Donizetti heard of it, he remarked sarcastically: "I always thought he was a lazy fellow."

HE WAS FAST ASLEEP

It is well-known that Rossini's delightful comic opera, "The Barber of Seville" was composed in a few weeks. Extraordinary things happened at its first performance. During the final number of the first act a cat got on the stage and was chased by *Figaro* and *Bartholo* till it took refuge under *Rosina's* dress. General laughter drowned the music and there was no applause at the end except by Rossini himself.

The audience resented this as a sarcastic reflection on its taste and subsequently made so much noise that not a note of the second act was heard.

Rossini, all this time, remained perfectly calm at the orchestral piano. At the end of the performance he went home to bed; and when the principal singers called upon him soon afterward to condole with him he was fast asleep!

A FRENCH PUN BY ROSSINI

One day Rossini heard Patti sing one of his airs with a wealth of embroideries that he had not provided.

"Who taught you this air?" he asked, and Patti replied, "Strakosch."

"Ah!" retorted Rossini, *"C'est une Strakoschonnerie"* (*cochon* is French for pig).

It seems to have depended on Rossini's mood whether he liked such things or not. Berlioz wrote that his Italian colleague "seems delighted to hear of changes, embroideries and the thousand abominations which singers introduce into his airs."

But Rossini himself wrote sarcastically: "My music is not yet done; people work at it,

but it will only be on the day when nothing is left of me that it will have reached its real value."

THEY LIKED THE OPERA

Josef Hofmann says that Rubinstein was fond of a good story, even if it was at his own expense. At one time he had a new opera produced and he promised the musicians that if the opera were a success he would give them all a good supper. On the night of the first performance, Rubinstein was disgusted at what he thought was its failure, so he went home alone and went to bed. About one o'clock the door-bell was rung violently. Aroused from his slumbers, Rubinstein went to the door, and there were one of the oboists and other players. He indignantly asked what was the matter that he should be disturbed at such an hour and the man replied: "You invited us to supper if the opera was a success; *we* liked it very much."

HOW RUBINSTEIN DIED

Ossip Gabrilowitch, who was a pupil of Rubinstein, told Huneker that that great

pianist once informed him that in his whole life he did not remember having been sick a single day, excepting being sea-sick when he went to America. Rubinstein was very regular in his work, his only relaxation being a game of billiards after lunch and some whist in the evening. His habits were sedentary and he disliked walking. "When I am walking," he said, "I can not think, so I leave it to others," and he persisted in spite of his doctor's warnings. As a consequence heart-trouble set in. The evening before his death he conversed in good spirits and had his usual whist party. He went to bed, as usual, at about 11:30 P.M., but about 2 A.M. he rushed chalk-white from his room, crying, "Air, air; I am choking!" A few minutes later he fell dead. The sudden death gave his friends a terrible shock, and telegrams of regret came from all parts of the world. During his last period he devoted himself exclusively to composition, and for the last two years did not touch the piano.

SUSPECTED IN RUSSIA

When Rubinstein returned to Russia after his first concert tour he had forgotten to pro-

vide himself with a passport, in consequence of which he narrowly escaped arrest; he was even threatened with deportation to Siberia. What was worse still, the police suspected the box in which he carried his manuscripts of being a receptacle for seditious documents in cryptograph, so it was detained and the contents afterward sold to merchants as waste paper, before Rubinstein had heard of their being advertised; and so his early works were lost, excepting such as he reproduced from memory.

GOT IT ALL FROM LISZT

Harold Bauer once remarked, "I remember that on one occasion Hans Richter asked me to play Liszt's 'Todtentanz' at a concert in London. When I saw the program, I discovered to my surprize that it was followed immediately by 'Ein Heldenleben.' I then asked Richter what he meant by placing these two rather formidable pieces in juxtaposition. 'I want to show the public,' he said, 'how Strauss got it all from Liszt.'"

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Liszt was the first pianist who dispensed with the printed music when he gave a concert. To-day it is universally agreed that a pianist who does this has the same advantage that an orator enjoys over a man who reads a lecture from his manuscript.

But some of the old-fashioned musicians looked on this innovation as mere affectation or bravado. Thus, it once happened that when Mendelssohn was to play his "D Minor Trio" in London the piano part was by some mistake not brought to the hall. Mendelssoohn knew it by heart, but did not at first wish to play it that way.

Finally he said: "Very well, I'll do it, but I want you to put a score, no matter what on the piano, and get some one to turn the leaves, so it will not seem as if I were playing from memory!"

The world do move!

LISZT AND HIS BARBER

In Buffalo lived a man, over eighty years old, who for several years had shaved Liszt at his residence in Weimar. In *Musical America*

he related how, when a musical idea came to Liszt, he "would jump up and rush out of the bedroom where I shaved him, into the next room, where his piano stood. Sometimes, with his face all covered with lather, he would sit and play the strains that had been going through his mind. Perhaps he would wipe off the lather and play on, his hands all soapy. He would forget all about me and would play so long that I would have to knock on the door to remind him I was still there. That would bring him to himself and he would come back with a smile and I would resume the shaving. There were days when these inspirations would strike him three or four times while I was there."

SNUBBED BY LISZT

The English conductor, Costa, once had the insolence to ask Liszt to "submit" a work of his for performance at a festival. Here is the unsubmissive answer he got:

"Messieurs: En réponse à votre lettre du 22 Décembre, j'ai l'honneur de vous informer que je suis tout a fait en dehors des *soumissions* auxquelles vous avez l'obligeance de m'inviter. Veuillez agréer, Messieurs, mes civilités.

30 Décembre '76, Budapest. "F. LISZT."

WHY LISZT WAS BURIED AT BAYREUTH

Liszt died in Bayreuth and was buried there. An effort was made at the time to make Weimar his last resting-place; but even with the aid of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander, the project failed. Liszt belonged to the Order of Franciscans, and one of the rules of this order is that members must be buried in the place where they die.

The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* also called attention to the fact that Liszt's last will of the date of 1867, contained these directions: "My body is to be buried not in a church, but in a public cemetery, and let no one undertake to remove it thence to another place." Three years later, he said in a private letter: "I protest most emphatically against the dragging about of my corpse."

A LUDICROUS COMPLAINT

Many things have changed since Haydn's day (he died in 1809), but in one thing all periods are ludicrously alike; namely, in their complaints regarding the decay of the vocal art. "Singing," wrote Haydn more than a century ago, "is almost one of the forgotten

arts, and that is why the instruments are allowed to overpower the voices."

This is funny, but the following remark, which he made to Michael Kelly, can not be pondered too seriously: "It is the air which is the charm of music, *and it is that which is most difficult to produce.* The invention of a fine melody is a work of genius."

The words italicized explain why the composers of our day, for the most part, eschew melody with a disdainful mien. But they can not fool anybody.

KNOCKING AT THE COFFIN

Everybody knows the wonderful prelude which established the fame of Rachmaninoff on two continents. Popularity has its disadvantages, as this Russian composer soon discovered. Regarding this prelude in particular so many questions were asked him that he finally lost patience, and one day when a lady he had just met questioned him as to whether he had had in his mind any particular incident or scene when he composed that prelude, he answered solemnly:

"Yes, madame, I had in mind a woman buried alive and knocking at the coffin frantically to get out."

THE TRAGEDY OF MOZART'S LIFE

Mozart, says an English writer, went through the world like a child tortured by cruel hands, that it might sing and dance for public amusement. His life and death have left an indelible stain on the Austrian court, nobility, and official musicians of his time. They injured him, they insulted him, they took for nothing the incomparable gifts for which he asked little. His would-be benefactors closed their purse-strings against him; and one man, let his infamous name be written in full —the wealthy Baron von Swieten—for whom he had carried out a vast, thankless, unpaid labor, was the man who put down to the account of the penniless widow the sum of 8 florins 56 kreutzers for the grave, and 3 florins for the hearse, when the body of Mozart was cast into an unmarked corner of the earth.

Mozart was the slave and spoil of kings, the creator of supreme beauty for swine, for whom no Gadarean steep had been prepared by destiny. The world did its utmost to make his life miserable, laying pitfalls in his way, stealing from him, betraying him, letting him die with 60 florins of ready money to leave to his wife and children. And this man, who was

making the greatest music of the age for court theaters and archiepiscopal balls, was reduced to beg for appointments, of which his best lover, Haydn, said nobly: "I find it difficult to control my indignation when I think that this great and wonderful man is still searching for an appointment, and not a single prince or monarch has thought of giving him one."

What a pitiful contrast to this is the following news-item, printed some years ago: "Mme. Viardot-Garcia has made a present of the original manuscript of Mozart's "Don Juan" to the library of the Paris Conservatoire, where it will be kept in a separate glass case. The value of the manuscript and Mme. Garcia's generosity may be inferred from the fact that not long ago she refused an offer of $25,000 from Germany for this score."

MOZART DIDN'T ASK

Leonard Liebling tells this story (which if not true is *ben trovato*). On a certain occasion a young man asked Mozart to tell him how to compose. The gentle Wolfgang Amadeus made answer that the questioner was too young to be thinking of such a serious occupation. "But you were much younger when you

began," protested the aspirant. "Ah, yes, that is true," Mozart said with a smile, "but then, you see, I did not ask anybody how to compose."

HOW NEVIN AVERTED A PANIC

How Ethelbert Nevin, the Pittsburgh song-writer, once averted a panic is related by him in a letter published in his biography by Vance Thompson:

"Last night in Rochester I had a perfect ovation, and I don't know when I have played so well. In one of my numbers the gas in the hall went out. I heard quite a little rustle of confusion in the audience, which threatened to become panic, but I kept my self-possession and finished my work in total darkness. When I was through, the people simply were wild in their enthusiasm. To keep them quiet until the lights were arranged I again played that mean little 'Narcissus' and it was so still in the hall, I felt the audience could almost hear my heart beat."

OFFENBACH'S PARROT COSTUME

In the summer of 1869, one of the Parisians who visited the popular German summer resort of Baden, to take the waters, used to walk

about in the most extraordinary attire ever seen outside an opera house. He wore a yellow waistcoat and trousers, a sky-blue coat, gray gloves, a green hat and carried a red sunshade.

Possibly Offenbach wore that parti-colored suit in Baden to make everybody talk about him. Yet he surely had no need of such advertising, for he was at that time the most famous, or notorious, composer in the world; so famous that when Richard Wagner tried to enter into negotiations with the Imperial Opera in Vienna for the performance of his new opera, "Die Meistersinger," he was curtly informed that they were just then busy with another composer, who, as Wagner discovered to his great indignation, was the "musical clown" and comic opera specialist, Jacques Offenbach.

HENRY IRVING, LISZT, AND GOUNOD

Liszt's visit to London in 1886 is referred to in Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving."

"On that occasion," Mr. Stoker says, "musical London made such a rush for the old man that it was absolutely necessary to guard him

when he came to the theater—the Lyceum. As it was desirable to keep away all who might intrude upon him, 'a sort of fortress' was arranged for him. Next to the royal box, on the grand tier, was another separated only by a partition, part of which could be taken down, and the door of this box was so screwed up that entrance to it could only be effected through the royal loge. Here, Liszt sat with his friends unassailable.

"There was a crowd of celebrities to meet him afterwards at supper in the Beefsteak Room. Liszt sat facing his host, and what appears to have impressed the other guests was 'the quite extraordinary resemblance in the profiles of the two men.' This was all the more remarkable, having regard to the difference in their ages—the Weimar musician was at that time seventy-five, while Irving was only forty-eight."

Mr. Stoker also refers to Gounod's visit at the "Lyceum": "In September, 1882, the famous French composer went there during the run of 'Romeo and Juliet.' He came to Irving's dressing-room at the end of the third act and sat chatting. I asked what, in his estimation, was the best verse to which he had composed music. He answered, almost without

hesitation. 'Oh, that we two were maying!' And the composer of 'Faust' added: 'I can never think of those words without emotion.' He quoted some of them, and, 'as he spoke the emotion seemed to master him more and more: at the last line, the tears were running down his cheeks. He spoke with extraordinary concentration and emphasis.'"

GOUNOD'S STUDIO LIKE A CHAPEL

Emma Eames, the famous American prima donna, had the privilege of learning the parts of *Marguerite* and *Juliette* from Gounod himself. In an article printed in James Francis Cooke's invaluable book, "Great Singers on the art of Singing," she tells many interesting things about the great opera composer.

His study "was a room which fitted his character perfectly. His pronounced religious tendencies were marked by the stained-glass windows, which cast a delicate golden tint over the piano he occasionally used when composing. On one side was a pipe-organ, upon which he was very fond of playing. In fact, the whole atmosphere was that of a chapel, which, together with the beautiful and dignified appearance of the master himself, made an impression that one could not forget."

HOW GOUNOD COMPOSED "ROMEO ET JULIETTE"

Eloquent testimony to Gounod's artistic sincerity is given by the famous Viennese critic, Dr. Hanslick, who visited Gounod when he had just come back from a rehearsal of his "Roméo et Juliet." Gounod was indignant because the manager wanted him to cut out, "O Juliette, sois heureuse!" one of the best choral numbers, as Hanslick admitted. Gounod delivered a tirade against conditions in the musical world in general, ending with these memorable words:

"To be true and self-effacing is the first and highest duty of a dramatic composer. Woe unto him if he does not find his highest reward in his own creative work! The composing of 'Roméo et Juliette' absorbed my whole soul day and night for years with alternating ecstasy and agony; to it I owe the happiest moments of my life and therein lies my reward. What follows the completion of the work—rehearsals, performance, success—is nothing but effort and disappointment. If a God gave me the power to create a masterwork, complete and immortal, like Shakespeare's, on the condition that no mortal should ever know or suspect its author's name, I

would be made a thousand times happier than by the most brilliant success of my works while I am conscious of their shortcomings."

MASSENET AND DUMAS

When Herbert F. Peyser interviewed Massenet, shortly before the death of the great opera composer, he asked him, among other things, if it was true that he always left Paris just before the *première* of one of his operas.

"It is," Massenet answered. "But the reason for this is not in the least nervousness, however much people may imagine that. When the time for the *première* is at hand my share of the work is finished. Singers, conductor, stage directors have learned all my intentions. I have no further instructions to give. I have done my best. *Pourquoi rester?* Why wait any longer and be pestered with people rushing up to me in the *coulisses* and in the streets asking 'are you satisfied?' or 'are you happy?' and having to answer in some dreadfully banal terms myself! I always have to think of Dumas, who, when a certain play of his was given for the first time without great success, was accosted behind the scenes by an

individual who boldly asked him, 'Well are you pleased?'

"'Yes, but not as pleased as you are!' replied Dumas. A splendid answer, *n'est ce pas?* But I for my part much prefer to go away and avoid taking chances. In a couple of weeks people have forgotten and then all is well again."

WISE OR OTHERWISE

Among some wise and otherwise things, Mascagni once told a reporter of an Italian newspaper, was the notion that there are two kinds of music, the vertical and the horizontal. The vertical, he said, is the scientific, harmonic music of the North; the horizontal, the tuneful music of the South; the one is a result of reflection, the other of genius.

One wonders whether, in excogitating this marvelous doctrine, Mascagni thought he was putting forth a new point of view. If so, he is amusingly mistaken. That notion about vertical and horizontal music is several hundred years old. It is held to-day by the vast majority of human beings; namely, all those who know little or nothing about music.

ANECDOTES OF CARL GOLDMARK

Carl Goldmark, whose fame rests chiefly on his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," and his gorgeously Oriental "Sakuntala" overture, had to wait a long time before fame came to him. No wonder that, when at last it did come, he loved to bask in it. His orchestral suite was a big success, and whenever it was given in a new town, he gladly accepted the invitation to be "among those present."

Thus it happened that his friend, David Popper, the witty violoncellist, saw his name one day in a hotel register. Taking his pen, he wrote after Carl Goldmark's name "and suite."

On another occasion Goldmark was traveling in a first-class railway compartment, thanks to the success of his opera. In the same coupé sat a beautiful young lady who, for some reason or other, missed her station. Goldmark arranged matters for her with the conductor, and as she stepped off she thanked him profusely and added that she was the Countess X. Goldmark bowed low and remarked that she might like to know he was the composer of the "Queen of Sheba," whereupon the Countess exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad you are at court, too."

NO NEED OF VOTING

An interesting story about Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture (which made him famous) is told by the well-known viola player Professor Bachrich. As a youth, Bachrich used to substitute in the orchestra for Goldmark, to give him more time to compose. In return for this, he had the privilege of being the first to get acquainted with the new manuscripts. When the "Sakuntala" overture was finished, it was of course, promptly submitted to the Philharmonic Orchestra in Vienna. It is customary with that famous organization, on receiving a promising manuscript, to play it over at a rehearsal, and then decide by a majority vote whether they care to play it in public. No one is ever allowed to be present at these trials—not even the composer.

Bachrich ascertained when the "Sakuntala" overture was to be put on trial, and managed to smuggle himself into a dark corner of the hall. His heart beat violently when it began. When it was over, an unusual thing happened: the players themselves broke into enthusiastic applause, and the conductor, Dessoff, exclaimed in Viennese dialect: "Ach nee!—ich dächte, darüber woll'n wer wohl nich abstim-

men" ("I guess there's no need of taking a vote on this").

Bachrich had heard enough. As fast as his legs would carry him, he ran to the Kaiserkrone Café, where Goldmark was waiting for him impatiently. He was so out of breath when he got there that he could not utter a word; but he nodded "Yes—Yes—Yes," and the composer understood and rejoiced.

GRIEG'S HOME SOLD

One of the sad consequences of the World War was that Grieg's widow was compelled to sell his villa Troldhaugen because most of his music having been published in Germany, the royalties, at the reduced rate of exchange, did not enable her to keep up that place.

In a letter to the mother of Percy Grainger, Mme. Grieg wrote in English: "You are awfully kind and good, dear Mrs. Grainger, in writing to me concerning my small businesses as you do, and I am very touched and very thankful, but even I can not afford to do all I used to and like to do; still I dearly hope that I shall be able to help myself the short lifetime left to me. Of course, my dear husband never imagined that the time was to

come when I should be obliged to sell Troldhaugen, but so sad and homeless. I shall feel myself this summer returning to Norway, still I must tell myself it could not be otherwise, I could not in any way be able to keep my beloved home.

"It is my intention to go to Norway end of May, then I hope in June to have Grieg's ashes removed from the mountain in Troldhaugen to St. Jakob's Church in Bergen, where a burial-place is to be made for him and me. You will easily understand that it was impossible for me, the thought of having Grieg's ashes remain at Troldhaugen when all is to be so changed there and foreign people walk round where we used to live our happy days."

A JOKE ON GRIEG

The following anecdote about Grieg was told the author of this book by Christian Schiott.

One day, at Bergen, Grieg went out fishing in a small boat with his friend, Frants Beyer. After a while a musical theme suddenly came into his head. Taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, he quietly jotted it down and put the paper on the bench at his side. A moment

later a gust of wind blew it overboard. Grieg did not see it, but Beyer saw and picked it up! Being himself a composer, he read the melody and, after putting the paper in his pocket, whistled it. Grieg turned like a flash and asked: "What was that?" Beyer answered nonchalantly, "Only an idea I just got," whereupon Grieg retorted: "The devil you say; I just got that same idea myself!"

A JOKE BY GRIEG

Grieg not only wrote "Humoresken" for the piano, but his sense of humor often comes to the surface in his letters. When his friend, Oscar Meyer, the song writer, congratulated him on his election as a member of the French Legion of Honor, he replied: "My election is an 'honor' which I share with 'legions,' so let us not waste words about it."

AN INDEPENDENT FELLOW

Talking about his friend Grieg, Grainger said: "Grieg was a very independent fellow. I have seen him in a railroad carriage tear the slip off his ticket and flourish it under the conductor's nose, simply because the ticket had

read, 'Not good if detached.' He loved to do things like that."

GRIEG'S SINCERITY

Ethel Smythe relates an anecdote delightfully illustrating Grieg's sincerity. He had been offered a huge sum to conduct not only his own compositions but the rest of an orchestral program. He refused on the ground that he was not a good conductor. "But the public won't mind that," pleaded the manager; "they'll come to see you conduct." This was too much for the Norwegian. "Any fool can conduct his own music," he snapped, "but that's no reason for murdering other people's" —and the manager had to drop the subject.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Gade, Denmark's leading composer, as a boy had made up his mind to win fame, if possible, before his twenty-fifth year. To keep his determination before himself, he put a placard with the words "Twenty-five Years" over his bed. He succeeded, for his "Ossian" overture brought him fame before his twenty-fifth year.

STILL GRETRY

When any society presented itself at the Tuileries, Napoleon had the unpleasant habit of asking members with whom he was perfectly well acquainted, "What is your name?" He put this question for the fifth or sixth time to Grétry, who answered, 'My name is *still* Grétry, Sire." At subsequent presentations, Napoleon did not ask him again.

CHOPIN PICTURES GEORGE SAND

Extracts from the diary which Chopin kept in the years 1837 to 1848 were published in the *Guide Musical.* The following was written after his first meeting with the famous novelist, George Sand: "Dark eyes, strange eyes. What did they say? She leaned over the piano and her embracing glances surged about me. My soul had found its haven. Her strange eyes smiled. Her form is masculine, her features broad, almost coarse, but those melancholy and strange eyes! I languished for them and yet I withdrew timidly. She went away. Later we conversed on diverse topics. Liszt, who had seen me sitting alone, had brought her to me. Flowers all around us. My heart was captivated. She praised

my playing. She understood me. But this coarse face, stern and sad! I have since seen her twice in her salon, surrounded by members of the upper French aristocracy, then once alone. She loves me. Aurora, what a charming name! The night wanes."

DEBUSSY AND HIS WIFE

"Perhaps it is better," wrote Philip Hale when Debussy was still living, "not to know the most sensational episode in the life of this subtle composer; how he forsook his wife, a woman of rare beauty, who had suffered with him in poverty and had not complained; how the passion that took him from her was commercial and grotesque rather than heroic and inevitable; how the deserted wife, left penniless, attempted more than once to kill herself; how, after a divorce, Debussy now lives at ease and is said to be fastidious in the stocking of his wine cellar.

"Knowing all this, we might not be any nearer the 'inner arcanum within the sanctuary of the soul.' But Debussy the man and Debussy the composer are, after all, two different beings, according to theorists in matters of art, tho some might think it signifi-

cant that the composer has made no advance in musical expression since his 'Afternoon of a Faun' and Pelléas and Mélisande,' which were composed when he was poor, when his wife believed in him, before he met the elderly and damaged siren whose song, tho cracked, was golden."

CREATIVE HEADACHES

It has been intimated that the pleasure of creating makes amends to great composers for the lack of recognition of their genius, which is usually their fate while they live. Composing, however, is not always a pleasure.

Hugo Wolf used to be tortured during his creative moments by headaches which seem to have resembled those with which Donizetti was afflicted. Concerning Donizetti's headaches we are well informed through references in his letters and the notes of his physician. There is reason to believe that if it had not been for these "creative headaches" and their peculiar consequences, Donizetti could never have succeeded in writing sixty-seven operas and many other works in twenty-nine years (he composed from his twentieth to his forty-ninth year).

Whenever Donizetti took up a new libretto he became so completely absorbed in it as to be almost oblivious of everything else. Almost from the beginning, too, his headache began and became gradually so intense that he was at last compelled to give up work and rest in bed. Presently the pain passed away, and then the composer got up and began his work in feverish haste. The whole opera seemed to be ready in his brain, and he wrote it down with fabulous facility, wherever he happened to be—at home, on his travels, or in a tavern or café surrounded by noisy crowds.

One funny detail regarding his headaches was his belief that they were located in the left side of his brain when he wrote tragic operas, and in the right side when he wrote comic operas, like "Don Pasquale" or "The Daughter of the Regiment."

ONLY $160 FOR "NORMA"

The Italian publisher Ricordi paid Bellini only $160 for his "Norma," which brought him a fortune. The works of Verdi brought him millions. Verdi was a good business man, who knew the value of his works. Whenever a new opera in manuscript was ready, Ricordi

would send him a contract with a blank for Verdi to write in whatever figure he saw fit to. Ricordi also acquired the right of performing Wagner's operas in Italy.

A SHORT FISH-STORY

The Berlin *Tageblatt* tells a story about an enthusiastic lady who heard Max Reger play the piano part in Schubert's "Trout Quintet" so beautifully that she sent the performer some trout next day for his dinner.

Reger wrote her a note of thanks in which he remarked that at his next appearance he would with her permission take the liberty of playing the "Ox minuet" by Haydn.

INVITED THE DEAD

When Andreas Dippel was an operatic manager he once produced in Baltimore a ballet, the music of which was taken from dances written by Brahms, Rubinstein, and Dvorák, all of them at that time in heaven—unless luck was against them.

A few days before this performance, the Philadelphia postman brought Mr. Dippel, among other things, three letters addressed to

J. Brahms, A. Rubinstein, and A. Dvorák. Not knowing the present address of any of these late-lamented gentlemen, Mr. Dippel felt justified in opening the envelopes.

What he found in them was the following: "As you are to be in Baltimore next Thursday, we should like very much to have you stop at the X while in this city. This hotel is a strictly modern, fireproof building, situated in the most fashionable part of the city. Our rooms are all large and with outside exposure, and the house is conducted exclusively on the European plan, with first-class service and cuisine. We will take pleasure in making you a special professional rate, and assure you of our best attention. Hoping to have the honor of your patronage, we are, Yours truly, etc."

ORPHEUS IN HELL

Saint-Saëns was not impressed by the idea of performing "Aïda" at the Pyramids, as was done on the day of his departure from Egypt in 1912. "What a sacrilege!" he said on his return to Paris. "In the face of these eternal stones they stupidly materialized a work of the theater! And that at the gravest time in the conflict of Italy with Turkey. If this fashion

is approved 'The Flying Dutchman' will be played out at sea and 'Orpheus'—in hell!"

SAINT SAENS AND THE POLICE

The *Journal des Débats* relates this story of Saint-Saëns. Some years ago he suddenly disappeared and presently turned up at Palmas on the Canary Islands. He rented a room, took solitary walks, and observed a strict incognito. It was soon rumored that he spent hours locked up in his room writing mysterious things on large sheets of paper. The police began to suspect and shadow him. This annoyed the composer and he changed his room. This was done three times in succession, and the police were meditating his arrest when an accident revealed his name. A Frenchman arrived one day who accosted him in the street with, "Why, are you not M. Saint-Saëns of Paris?" This was overheard, and from that day Saint-Saëns could not take a walk without hearing the "Danse Macabre" played in every direction.

WHY SAINT-SAENS TRAVELED

At the approach of winter Saint-Saëns always fled from Paris and was heard of in all

sorts of out-of-the-way places, in Ceylon, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Madeira, the Canaries, Corfu, and the Balearic Isles. The composer was often derided in French newspapers for his wandering proclivities. But he had his reasons for his swallow-like flights to sunny climes when the fogs were brooding over the Boulevards and the gradual approach of frost made itself felt by valetudinarians.

It was his winter migration that preserved his life, for at the age of twenty-five the doctors condemned him as a hopless case of phthisis. Accordingly, he shunned the winter at home, and fled from the icy gales of the north to the lands of cloudless skies. "I have been from Ceylon to Egypt, and from the Pyramids to the Pillars of Hercules, and the Peak of Teneriffe, everywhere to catch the balmy sunshine, and to get the warmer air into my lungs."

MIGHT HAVE SAVED SCHUBERT

Schubert died of typhoid fever, which he would have escaped had he had twenty or thirty dollars to go to the country for a vacation on the fatal summer, as he wanted to. In 1908, the city of Vienna purchased the house

in which he was born, paying $22,000 therefor.

AN ODD MANUSCRIPT

Among the manuscripts owned by the Society of Music Friends, in Vienna, one sheet is especially interesting, for one side shows Beethoven's handwriting, the other that of Schubert. Dr. Mandyschevski thinks that Beethoven in the first instance committed to paper a composition, and that, in some unexplained way, the sheet came into the possession of Schubert, who probably deemed it an honor to jot down his notes upon paper which had been used by Beethoven. The Schubert side of the document is not quite filled up, and in the empty space the names of the notes are given in letters.

INSULTED BY THE "ERL-KING"

Among the curiosities of musical history, none is more remarkable than the fact that the two leading German music publishers, Breitkopf & Härtel and C. F. Peters, both refused to risk printing any of Schubert's compositions while he was living, while in our day these very firms have distinguished themselves by

publishing the complete works of that incomparable musical genius.

A century ago, when Schubert's representative applied to the Peters firm, he received a long letter explaining why they could not do anything for him, while Breitkopf & Härtel, to whom the "Erl-king" was sent for approval, did not answer at all.

To-day, probably five out of every six musicians or music-lovers, if asked what is the greatest song ever composed, would answer "Schubert's 'Erl-king.'" It is, at the same time, so popular, that, whenever it is given unexpectedly as an "encore," the audience invariably bursts into delighted applause as soon as the pianist has played the first bar.

It is a miniature music-drama, a vocal program-music of the most modern kind. It created a new epoch in the history of the art of song. The dissonantal shriek of the child when the spectral Erl-king seizes it—the agonized, shrill *G* flat clashing with the *F* and *E* flat in the piano part—was something new, thrilling, terrible in art. It was music of the future—Schönbergian frightfulness anticipated, but *applied in the proper place,* and therefore delightful.

How thoroughly it was music of the future

a century ago (it was composed in 1815) is shown by the fact that for years no publisher could be found for it in Vienna, and it was finally printed by private subscription.

Before this was done—and now comes the funny part of the story—the manuscript was sent to Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig. That worthy firm had never heard of Franz Schubert, of Vienna. It did know, however, a Franz Schubert who lived in Dresden and gloried in the title of "Royal Church Composer." To him the "Erl-king" manuscript was sent by them, apparently in the belief that the uncanny thing was intended in some way as a joke on that Royal Composer. He, at any rate, took it as a joke—and a very poor one, at that.

In his answer, dated April 17, 1817, he expressed his "greatest astonishment" at having received this piece, "purporting to be by me." He then denied emphatically that he had ever composed it, adding: "I shall keep it and try to discover who has so discourteously sent you this manufactured work (*Machwerk*), and also the fellow who has thus misused my name."

UNDERPAID COMPOSERS AND OTHERS

The fact that Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow," became a millionaire, induced C. A. Bratter of the Berlin *Tageblatt* to compare the profits of composers of our days with those of their predecessors. Mozart, Schubert, and Lortzing practically perished because of insufficient return for their exhausting toils. Mozart got only 225 florins for his "Don Juan" score, and 100 ducats for his "Figaro." Schubert often had to write an immortal song and sell it for twenty cents before he could order his dinner. His clothes were often patched. Weber got only eighty Friedrichsdor for his "Freischütz," one of the most successful operas ever written. After it had had fifty performances in Berlin, which yielded 30,000 thalers, the manager generously offered him an extra 100 thalers. Weber indignantly refused this. "Being a German," he said bitterly, "What can I expect?"

Lortzing, whose popularity in Germany was great while he lived, and is great still, got an average of twelve Louisd'or for each opera, and was overjoyed to get twenty Louisd'or in Hamburg for his "Undine" which made a rich man of the manager who bought it.

In more recent times composers on the whole were much better rewarded. Brahms, tho he never stooped to conquer, died worth $100,000. Beethoven was tolerably well off in the later years of his career, and if Mendelssohn had not begun rich, his works would have made him so. Meyerbeer earned piles of money, and so did Offenbach, Strauss (the Waltz King), and many others, including, in our country, Victor Herbert, and Philip Sousa. Among the composers of serious operas in our time who have become wealthy are Humperdinck, Richard Strauss, D'Albert, Mascagni, Puccini, Thomas, Gounod, Massenet. Wagner's operas have yielded many millions of dollars, mostly, it is true, since his death. Verdi's yielded millions while he lived, and some of them are as profitable as ever. Does music pay?

HARD TO BE A KETTLE-DRUMMER

Sigismund Bernstein, who was for a number of years kettle-drummer in the Thomas and Seidl orchestras in New York, was a good business man. When he died he left $200,000. He was a thorough musician who knew a great deal about many instruments. To be a first-

class kettle-drummer is by no means an easy thing, as Richard Strauss points out in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. At a performance of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture, given under the composer's direction, Strauss and Bülow offered, as the number of players was limited, to take charge of the drums. They soon found out that they had bitten off more than they could chew. Bülow never knew "where he was," and Strauss, too, constantly got out in trying to count the many bars of rest. Both made a number of mistakes.

TCHAIKOVSKY AS A DANCER

Modeste Tchaikovsky relates in his book on his brother, the great composer (the most fascinating of all musical biographies), an amusing incident. Saint-Saëns was making a visit to Moscow. One day he and Tchaikovsky and Nicholas Rubinstein discovered that all of them had in their youth been enthusiastic admirers of the ballet and had often tried to imitate the art of the dancers. This suggested the idea of their dancing together, and they brought out a little ballet, "Pygmalion and Galatea," on the stage of the Conservatory. Saint-Saëns, aged forty, played the part of

Galatea, while Tchaikovsky, aged thirty-five, appeared as Pygmalion. Rubinstein formed the orchestra. Unfortunately, no spectators witnessed this extraordinary spectacle.

HOW THE CZAR HELPED

The father of the last Czar helped to make the fame and fortune of Tchaikovsky. Hearing at a concert one day a selection from "Eugene Onegin," he asked one of his chamberlains if the work had been performed at the Imperial Opera House. As a matter of fact, no one had thought of such a thing, as at that time Tchaikovsky was poor and had no influence with officials.

The chamberlain, however, was equal to the occasion, and replied evasively that the opera was in preparation.

"I want to hear it," added the Czar, and "Eugene Onegin" was accordingly produced.

RICHARD STRAUSS AS A HUMORIST

Munich is the home of the *Fliegende Blätter,* one of the best comic papers printed anywhere, particularly in the pictorial department. It used to be a point of patriotic pride

among the many famous artists dwelling in the capital of Bavaria and the home of Hofbräuhaus beer, to contribute to this periodical, and its jokes also were often not half bad.

It is in this same Munich that Richard Strauss was born. Naturally, he thought he too must be funny occasionally and it certainly was amusing to see how he fooled not only the Bavarians but the rest of the world with some of his program music, pretending to be serious when he was really laughing in his sleeve.

A choice specimen of Straussian humor is included in the orchestral suite from the music which he wrote for Molière's "Les Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This comedy, with Strauss's incidental music, was used at Stuttgart as a curtain-raiser to his new opera, "Ariadne." This, to be sure, did not have the brevity which is the soul of wit. It lasted two hours, and the audience voted it a bore; so it was discarded, and all that remains of it is a suite of nine musical pieces.

The ninth number of this orchestral suite is entitled "The Dinner Table Music and Dance of the Young Kitchen Servants." This has been described as a symphonic poem in miniature, illustrating the different courses. When the waiter serves the Rhine salmon there is a sug-

gestion of Wagner's "Rheingold" music, and later on, when the mutton is served, we hear the bleating dissonances of the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote." Later on the bleating is heard again—doubtless, as Lawrence Gilman suggests, because the Countess has asked for a second helping of mutton. Don't you see the enormous possibilities of a new species of musico-dramatic humor, thus offered to the world by the great and immortal Richard Strauss?

WHAT HE DID WITH THE MONEY

Many stories of Richard Strauss's thrift are current in Germany. One of the best was told in the *Musical Courier* some years ago:

Hugo Heermann spent part of his summer vacation at Garmisch, where Strauss has his summer home, and being old friends, the two musicians frequently got together and played sonatas. One day Strauss suggested that it would be an excellent thing to give a public concert for the benefit of the "Verschönerungs Verein" of Garmisch. Heermann acquiesced, and the concert was given with Strauss and the violinist as the principal assisting artists, and netted 2,600 marks.

One of those present at the concert was interested in learning to what use the money was put, and a couple of weeks later discovered that Strauss had caused to be repaired the path leading from his house to the river, a path utilized by himself and the members of his family. And Strauss was a rich man. (Verschönerungsverein, by the way, means a society for beautifying scenery.)

DOES GOVERNMENT MONEY HELP?

Messager, the famous French composer and operatic manager, was asked in London whether he would recommend a subventioned opera-house for that city; he replied: *"Ah, ça non, par example!* I should know something of the State-subventioned theaters. At our Opéra-Comique in Paris, we receive 300,000 francs a year from the Government. Do you know what it costs us? Not less than 247,000 francs' worth of seats, which we have to give away every year to the *'gens du Gouvernement';* and I assure you, they are our best seats."

HENRY IRVING'S GENEROSITY

The Irish composer, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, in his "Pages from an Unwritten

Diary," gives a characteristic instance of the liberality of Sir Henry Irving. Tennyson had expressed the desire that Stanford should compose the music for his "Becket" when Irving undertook to stage it. Stanford was eager to do it for the pleasure and honor of the thing, but Irving's secretary (Bram Stoker) insisted on his taking two hundred pounds, and Irving insisted on making it three hundred—and guineas to boot.

VICTOR HERBERT'S VICTORY

When San Francisco went dry it occurred to the City Fathers that one way to make up in part for the loss of the whisky-tax was to make music teachers pay for a license. The musicians tried for years to get this tax repealed, in vain. Then Victor Herbert got on deck. He attended a meeting of authorities, headed by the Mayor.

"What's this I hear about your taxing musicians?" he cried. "Why, even Julius Cæsar respected the bards and refrained from taxing them. He knew they were giving the people something that would make their lives beautiful, and he was man enough to know that to tax people who do that would be idiotic."

At the end of his speech, Supervisor Hayden got up and said, "Gentlemen, I guess we've got in wrong about this tax on musicians. I move that it be repealed," and it was repealed then and there.

WIN PRIZES, YOUNG MAN

A prominent American composer once told me that his "Symphony" had so far cost him a thousand dollars. It was—and still is—a good symphony, and it had been played by the principal orchestras in the country.

Why pay a composer? Is it not enough to pay the conductor and his players, and the owners of the hall and the manager and the ticket-sellers and -takers and the ushers? Composers contribute nothing to the show except brains, and brains are cheap—very cheap. If you don't believe it, ask your butcher. He will charge less for a pig's brain than for any other part of the animal—all because very few people know that, as cooked by a French chef, the brain of a pig is its most delicious "cut."

The trouble with composers is that they are so eager to hear their symphonies that, instead of asking for a royalty on their performance,

they are ready to get on their knees before any conductor who will give their scores a chance to come to life. Richard Strauss has made piles of money with his symphonic scores. But he is an exception.

By far the wisest thing for a composer to do is to win prizes. Henry Hadley has been very successful that way: so have Samuel Gardner, Horatio Parker, Louis Gruenberg, Paolo Gallico and others.

THE KANGAROO WAS FAT

In one of Mahler's symphonies there is a vocal solo based on words taken from an old German poem dwelling on the blessings of a state of affairs where "the heavens hang full of fiddles."

Perhaps "hams" would be a better word than fiddles, for the pleasures of eating and drinking take up most of the stanzas, with references to pumpkins, potatoes, beets, peaches, plums, rabbits, venison, wine, fish, and so on.

These ideals of happiness are quite on a level with those of the aboriginal Australians, who give expression to their soul's yearnings by ululating:

The Kangaroo ran very fast,
But I ran faster;
The Kangaroo was fat;
I ate him.
Kangaroo! Kangaroo!

DREADFUL WEDDING MUSIC

The famous song-writer, Hugo Wolf (who died insane), once accepted an invitation to a wedding. After much coaxing he sat down at the piano and played the "March to the Scaffold" from Berlioz's symphony. "He played the dreadful music with a realism that was positively terrifying. He represented the execution, suggested the scaffold and the blood, and made so demoniac an effect that the bride, who was standing by him in her wedding-dress, fell down in a swoon. Wolf got up and left the house."

VERDI WAS A LAZY FELLOW

Verdi not only improved Italian opera he also was one of the pioneers of intensive farming in Italy. "Thanks to his innovations," says a writer in the London *Field,* "he was able to inspire respect by making farming pay, tho it is not so clear that he inspired affec-

tion in the same degree, and his reputation as an employer was that of a man who was just, but exacting and severe."

To the indolent, indeed, he was a "terror," for he was a man of his hands and a mighty boxer, quick-tempered, and always ready to give a taste of his prowess to those who "answered back" when he reprimanded them for idleness or incompetence.

He was, however, a man of large views and wide outlook, who followed the progress of agriculture in other countries, and his frequent introduction of up-to-date improvements did much to enrich the corner of the peninsula in which he resided.

To this interesting information it may be added that he really had no moral right to chastise indolent employees, for he himself, in his own specialty, was by no means a model of industry. In 1868 he wrote to Count Arrivabene: "You ask why I do not write the 'Falstaff' or some other opera. Because for the time being I consider a *dolce far niente* the most suitable thing for both body and mind."

The plain truth is that Verdi was a lazy fellow; unlike Wagner, who was never happy except when in the midst of the hardest work, he spent most of his time in mental idleness.

The fact that he wrote twenty-six operas in fifty-four years does not refute this statement, for most of these operas are too light and hastily executed to weigh in the balance. After composing "La Forza del Destino" he waited five years before "Don Carlos" was given to the world; four years of indolence preceded "Aïda," and after that he took a little vacation of sixteen years, interrupted only by the writing of his "Requiem." It is not at all certain, in fact, that he would have composed anything more after "Don Carlos" (1867) had not the Khedive of Egypt tempted him with the romantic story of "Aïda."

HE PAID THE BILL

Concerning Verdi's best opera "Aïda," Pougin relates an amusing anecdote:

A man named Bertani wrote to Verdi that he had traveled especially from Reggio to Parma to hear his new opera; that he did not like it, and so went again in the hope of being better pleased the second time, but with the same result; hence, he concluded that "when it has filled the house two or three times it will be banished to the dust of the archives." But his experiments had cost him twenty-two

francs, for railway fare, tickets, and a "detestable supper at the station." He asked Verdi to refund this sum.

The composer, having a sense of humor and plenty of money, took the matter in good part, and asked his publisher to send Signor Bertani a check. Only for thirty francs, however, as he drew the line at the supper: "He might have taken his meal at home."

The man also had to sign an agreement never to attend another Verdi opera unless he was willing to take all the risks and expenses.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE A MARQUIS

On hearing the report that he was to be made Marquis of Busseto, Verdi at once took steps to relieve himself from the disagreeable necessity of refusing what was meant as an honor. This he did by sending the following telegram to Signor Martini, Minister of Public Instruction—who, by the way, was present at the first performance of "Falstaff": "I see by the *Perseveranza* that I have been raised to the dignity of Marquis. I now appeal to you in your character as artist to leave nothing undone to prevent this. This will in no wise lessen my gratitude, which will be greater if

the intended distinction does not become an accomplished fact."

The Minister wired back: "I can assure you that there is no ground whatever for the report."

VERDI NOT CONVINCED

An Italian general, on his way to Ravenna, began a conversation with an old man who sat opposite him in a railway-car. Musical topics were touched upon, and the General expressed great aversion to German music, while the other man declared that Germany had surpassed Italy in music. The General became more and more excited in maintaining his opinion, and finally he exclaimed: "You may say whatever you please, but I for my part care more for a single act of 'Rigoletto' than for all the German operas put together." Whereupon the other man bowed and said: "I thank you for your very kind appreciation, for I am Verdi; but I adhere firmly to my opinion."

A GENTLE CRITIC

A characteristic anecdote of Verdi is related by Antonio Pini-Corsi:

"I had become a temporary victim of the

delusion that I was a composer as well as a singer. Several of my little pieces had been published and played with some success, and I proudly imagined myself a genius. Looking back at them now, I have to laugh at their empty silliness. But then I thought them great. I took them to Verdi and showed them to him. He played them, with a quizzical smile hovering over his face, while I stood and waited for his words of praise.

"If he had told me that they were mere balderdash, I would probably not have believed him. But Verdi said nothing either for or against my compositions. He only turned to me with a kindly look in his eyes and said gently: 'Now, *carissimo,* keep to your own profession. Don't steal the laurels of these poor composer-friends of yours.'"

THE THEATER A LAMENTABLE THING

"A lamentable thing is the theater," exclaimed Verdi. Concerning theatrical life he wrote in 1884 to the Countess Maffei:

"If one has to do with this coercive institute which some call theater, one is never master of himself. The artists are slaves of the public, which, in most cases, is ignorant,

changeable and unjust. I have to smile when I think that I have had pleasant emotions when I was twenty-five years old; but that was of short duration. A year later the veil was lifted, and when I afterward had to do with the public I placed myself in a coat-of-mail, and so armed against the shots I cried, 'Come on.' In fact, there were always battles—battles which never made one happy, even when one came out a victor. Sad, sad!"

VERDI AS A WAR-PROPHET

Prof. Carlo Paladini, of Florence has made public a letter which was written as long ago as 1870 by Verdi to the Countess Clarina Maffei. It is dated November 30 of that year, when the German armies had closed round, but had not yet captured, the French capital. It runs as follows:

"This calamity of France puts desolation in my heart, just as it does in yours. It is true that the bluff, impertinence, and presumption of the French are insupportable, but then France has given our modern world its liberty and civilization, and if she falls, let us not deceive ourselves, our liberty and civilization will fall with her.

"Our men of letters and politicians well may boast of German knowledge and science and—God forgive them—even the arts of those conquerors, but a glance backward would let them see that the old blood of the Goth is still running in German veins; hard, intolerant, despisers of all that is not German, and inclined to a boundless rapacity. Men of brain, but heartless; strong, but uncivilized. And that King (William I.) who, with the name of God and Providence constantly on his lips, destroys the best part of Europe and thinks himself destined to reform the manners and punish the vices of our modern world!!! What a missionary! Attila of olden times—another missionary—stopped before the majesty of the ancient world's capital, but this one is going to bombard the capital of the modern world, and now that Bismarck wants people to know that Paris will be spared, I fear all the more that it will, at least, partly be ruined. Why? Perhaps in order that there may no longer exist so beautiful a capital, such a one as they will never be able to create.

"Poor Paris, that I saw so beautiful, so gay, so splendid, last April! And afterwards? I should have liked a more generous policy on our part and a debt of gratitude paid off. One

hundred thousand of our men could perhaps have saved France. At all events, I should have preferred signing a peace defeated with the French, to the inertia that will cause us to be despised one day. The European war we shall not avoid, and we shall be devoured. It will not be to-morrow, but it will be some day. An excuse is easily found. It may be Rome, the Mediterranean, and then is there not the Adriatic Sea they have already proclaimed German?—GUISEPPE VERDI."

AN EXCITED OPERATIC AUDIENCE

Once upon a time, in the Scala Theater, in Milan, a poor performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" was given, followed by an idiotic ballet. The audience showed its disapproval in the usual emphatic Italian way, but when the management had the audacity to repeat the same show on the following night and even, in sheer bravado, to invite Verdi, the following happened: For quite an hour the air was filled with yells and hisses; the entire audience of the stalls standing on the seats, everybody in the boxes shaking fists at the stage and screaming, *Abasso! Basta!* Finally the conductor's chair was surrounded by an angry crowd of

subscribers, the baton torn from his hands, he himself upset, the music thrown off the desks; and had not the lights been extinguished that very instant and the curtain lowered, it is difficult to say what might not have happened.

HIS ADDRESS

Supercilious Germans were amazed in 1877 when Ferdinand Hiller invited a mere Italian opera composer like Verdi to conduct his "Manzoni Requiem" at the Nether-Rhenish music-festival. But Hiller knew, as George Henschel remarks in his "Musings and Memories," what he was doing.

Verdi's fine musicianship and powerful personality from the start made a great impression upon chorus, orchestra, and soloists, among whom were Lilli Lehmann and Mr. Henschel. This eminent baritone was particularly pleased because Verdi repeatedly invited him to lunch at the hotel.

Verdi was pleased with Henschel's own songs on "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen" and asked him to send him copies of them. His answer to the question as to the address to which they should be sent was characteristic —quite free from the slightest suspicion of

conceit or affectation: *"Oh, adressez simplement 'Maestro Verdi, Italia.'"*

A SAD END OF LIFE

In the last years of his long life, Verdi was a very unhappy man. He had had success, fame, and fortune such as have been bestowed on few mortals; but such trifles do not, in the long run, make for happiness.

Why he was unhappy is explained in a series of letters he wrote to the Countess Negroni-Prato. The first of them is dated 1895.

The Countess had asked him to write a symphony. In reply he wrote: "Either you are joking or you have forgotten that I am eighty-two years old. At that age a man undertakes big tasks only if he is vain. But I never was vain, even in my youth. Proud I was, but not vain. Now I am neither one nor the other. It isn't worth while."

Two years later he was bowed down in grief over the death of his wife. His health also began to fail, as he wrote to the Countess: "My feet refuse to serve me any longer, my eyes are growing dim, and my mind is weakening. Thus my life is hard and cheerless. If I could only work, or had sound feet and

eyes! I would spend the whole day walking and reading and be contented, notwithstanding my eighty-seven years. Never would I have believed it possible that I could wish myself, as the greatest fortune, two sound legs."

In November 1900, on the anniversary of his wife's death, he wrote to the Countess, who, in the meantime, had become a widow: "You have children, who cling to you tenderly, but I am alone, sad, sad, sad." The last of his letters, written in the following year, only a few days before his death, concludes with the words: 'Everything fatigues me. I no longer live, I merely vegetate. Why do I tarry on earth?"

VERDI AN EXCEPTION

A journalist breakfasting at a hotel in Milan heard some one improvise on a piano.

It was only seven o'clock so he asked the headwaiter if piano-playing was allowed in the hotel at that early hour.

"Not as a rule," the waiter replied, "but we make an exception with Verdi."

A FEW JOKES ABOUT ORGANISTS

CHAPTER VI

A FEW JOKES ABOUT ORGANISTS

PIERRE WOLF, the five-year-old son of the former French conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, was playing under the piano one day. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Mama! How foolish to have three pedals! Nobody has three feet!"

If little Pierre had been under an organ he would have been still more surprized at seeing so many pedals that only a human centipede would have a foot for each of them.

There is a great difference between the pedals of these two keyboard instruments. In the piano the pedals serve two purposes: the left one to soften the tone, the middle and right one to prolong it.

Organ pedals, on the other hand, form an additional keyboard, to be played by the feet, while the hands take care of the two or more manuals.

Have you ever watched an organist playing? If so, you have seen done the most complicated thing a human being can do.

Whereas a pianist has to read at once only two staves, or sets of five horizontal lines, the organist's eyes have to cover also a third stave, for the pedals.

And that's only the beginning of the poor fellow's troubles!

His knees are used to work the swell, for increasing or decreasing the loudness of the tone.

His hands are busy playing on several keyboards, jumping from one to the other, or the left hand on one keyboard, the right on the other.

Nor is that all. An organ is a miniature orchestra. You can play the violin on it, or the flute, or the clarinet, horn, trombone, and so on; or mixtures of various instruments. The organist is obliged at every moment to *do his own orchestrating*—to pull out and push back registers changing the tone-colors *ad libitum*.

That alone ought to be a job for a full-sized man! But there is more to come.

Usually the organist is also the choirmaster; that is, at a service or performance, besides playing, he has to conduct the choir.

He ought to have as many arms as an octopus and as many eyes as a fly!

To cap the climax, I have seen an organist,

while attending to all these things at once, also making eyes at the soprano!

If it were more generally known what diabolically clever fellows organists have to be, they would not be (with some exceptions) so underpaid, and there would be more demand for recitals by them.

But their day is coming. Every year one reads about more touring by famous organists; some of them, like M. Dupré, have almost as wide a circuit as Paderewski and Kreisler.

No one has done so much to bring about this welcome change as John and Rodman Wanamaker, who have built splendid instruments and pushed along the cause of the organists tremendously.

Andrew Carnegie also calls for honorable mention. The funds bequeathed by him have placed over four thousand organs into churches too poor to pay for good instruments.

A MUSICAL MIRACLE

A miracle is supposed to be "something beyond human power to do," but when genius enables an organist to do what probably no other musician has ever done so wonderfully well, is it not permissible to call it a miracle?

Such a miracle was achieved when, in the presence of nearly all the organists of New York City and many other prominent musicians, M. Marcel Dupré, organist at the great Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, made his first American appearance, having been brought over for the special purpose of inaugurating the new organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium.

He played the greatest of Bach's fugues, the one in *G* minor, and the same composer's "First Sonata," besides César Franck's "Choral in *B* minor" and the dainty Scherzo from Widor's "Fourth Symphony" for the organ.

There was nothing in his performance of these pieces that some of the famous organists present might not have done equally well; but in the second part of the program, M. Dupré did something never equaled (except, perhaps, by his great teacher, M. Guilmant, when he was in America in 1897) by improvising a whole symphony in four movements on themes supplied by six prominent local organists.

In the days of Liszt it was customary at recitals for pianists to exhibit their musicianship by asking that someone in the audience supply a theme to be improvised on. Liszt himself and others did really wonderful "stunts" this way, but there were also hum-

bugs, among others an "infant prodigy" who, in the middle of his "improvisation," broke down and cried: "Papa, I have forgotten the rest."

M. Dupré had no chance to see the themes till they were given to him by Alexander Russell at the end of the first part of the program. Then the miracle began. The Frenchman sat down at a little table on the left side of the stage and looked repeatedly at the themes, each of which was on a separate sheet of paper. This lasted several minutes, during which time he created a symphony, *coram publico!* Then he wrote down something on a sheet of paper and gave it to Mr. Russell, who read it to the audience.

It was the scheme of the symphony to be improvised, indicating the way in which the great organist had, in these few moments, distributed the given themes over the as yet unborn allegro, adagio, scherzo, and finale of the symphony he was about to improvise. The themes were by Edward Shippen Barnes, Charles M. Courboin, Clarence Dickinson, Lynwood Farnam, T. Tertius Noble, and Frederick Schlieder. They were good workable themes, and the Frenchman wove them into a fabric of his own which was not only

clever, but appealed to the feelings. Loud and prolonged was the applause of the assembled experts.

It was a great feat, even more wonderful than the same organist's performance from memory of some two hundred compositions of Bach in a series of Paris recitals.

MUSIC INSPIRED BY DREAMS

Fritz Kreisler and other violinists often play "The Devil's Trill," a piece of music which Tartini heard the devil play in a dream. According to the San Francisco *Call*, the capacity of dreams to provide themes for music is attested also by Edgar Stillman Kelley, who declares that some of his most valuable inspirations have come to him through the curtain of deep sleep.

The famous organist, Edwin H. Lemare vouches for the truth of this in his own experience. This is particularly so, he says, of some of his most popular compositions. One of the themes out of which he made a song for the organ sprang up in a dream when his son, Edwin Lemare, III, was about five years old. He thought that he had lost his boy at a railroad station in London. During the frantic

search for the baby, he says, a melody kept singing in his ears, as if in mockery of his fright. He woke in a perspiration and panic. The boy was in his cradle safe and sound asleep. Lemare jotted the themes on a piece of paper, went back to sleep, and next day developed it into "The Search."

A POOR CHOIR

On a panel in one of the pews of S—m Church in Boston the following lines were written:

Could poor King David but for once
To S—m Church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord, how he would swear!

ORGAN NOT WANTED IN CHURCH

When, in 1713, Thomas Brattle of Boston, willed the Brattle Square Church an organ, it was declined. Not till seventy-two years later did this church get ready to order an organ, but even then one of its leading members offered to reimburse the church for its outlay and to give a sum to the poor of Boston if they would allow him to have the unhallowed instrument thrown into the harbor.

A FEW REMARKS BY CHOPIN

In Toronto, an organist had drawn up the order of a Sunday service, and it was in type ready for printing, when the death of an important personage made a change necessary. The organist telephoned to the printer and instructed him to change the Postlude to "Funeral March, by Chopin." When he arrived at the church, this is what he found at the end of the list. "A few remarks by Chopin."

"THE WATERS ARE COMING IN"

The *Music Journal* tells an anecdote which it attributes to Dr. Zachariah Buck, the famous organist of Norwich Cathedral. A family of the name of Waters was always late for the cathedral service. On a particular Sunday they all trooped in just as the choir was beginning to sing the anthem appointed for the day. The opening words were: "Save me, O God! for the waters are coming in."

MUSIC TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

CHAPTER VII

MUSIC TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

ONE of the funniest things in the music world is that nearly everybody in it seems to be teaching somebody else.

The young conservatory Miss has hardly finished her first dozen lessons when she begins to teach her neighbors' children, while she continues her lessons with a higher teacher who, in turn, attends the summer-classes of a famous virtuoso, who was probably a pupil of Liszt or Leschetizky.

It is lucky that there seems to be a call for so many teachers, for otherwise what would become of the tens of thousands of young women and men who want to become artists performing in public? Not more than two or three in a thousand succeed in their lofty ambition, and, having failed, the best thing they can do is to become teachers.

On the other hand it is by no means true that a teacher is always one who has failed as an artist appearing before the public.

How about Liszt? He was the most success-

ful pianist that ever lived, yet he spent most of his time, during the last four decades of his life, teaching—teaching for nothing, simply because he enjoyed it and could do it better than anyone else.

Yes, he had lots of fun teaching, and his pupils had lots of fun learning. As one of them (Oldersleben) put it: "He always made his lessons entertaining. He was exceptionally witty and humorous, and when in the mood, there was much fun at the lessons. This made all of his pupils look forward to the lesson as the event of the day."

Amy Fay relates in her ever-popular "Music-Study in Germany": "One day, when I was playing, I made too much movement with my hand in a rotary sort of passage where it was difficult to avoid it. 'Keep your hand still, Fräulein,' said Liszt, *'don't make omelette.'* I couldn't help laughing; it hit me on the head so nicely."

Much more severe was the amusing criticism with which he humbled a vain young man who had come to him for his approval of a manuscript-piece bristling with hideous dissonances.

Putting his finger on one passage, Liszt said: "That can not be done in music."

"But I have done it," said the young man.

With a sarcastic smile, Liszt walked to his desk, put his quill into the ink and then spattered it over the young man's white vest.

"This, too," he said, "*can* be done, but it must not be."

Then he bought his victim a new waistcoat.

Many music-students of small talent took advantage of Liszt's kindness and induced him to waste his precious time teaching them. One time, when he had to be absent from his studio a few weeks, Hans von Bülow took his place.

The first thing the irascible Hans did was to assemble all the pupils and give them a plain talking-to, denouncing them for imposing on the master, when they knew they were not prepared for his advanced teaching. Many of them kept away after this scolding; but when Liszt returned they all came back.

Bülow never wasted his time on unworthy pupils. Sometimes he didn't receive any of the students. On those days he had a notice on his door: "No visitors admitted in the forenoon and not at home in the afternoon."

One of Bülow's most successful devices in teaching was to repeat a piece just played by a pupil, with grotesque exaggerations of his

faults which made the student laugh. You may be sure he never again made those mistakes.

Many teachers become cross and even fierce (some instances will be presented later) from hearing so much faulty playing. Beethoven, in his anger, sometimes seized the music of his pupil (even tho she might be one of the royal children) and threw it on the floor or tore it to pieces.

A young pianist once told me about her first encounter with a famous teacher in Boston. He let her play her piece, then shoved her from the bench, banged the keys with his coat tails and said, "That's the way you play."

She was so mortified that she cried. Whereupon he remarked: "You really did it quite well, only . . ." and then he gave her some points on technique and expression.

While music-teaching seems to make nervous wrecks of some of the men and women engaged in it, it does not seem to be in itself an unhealthful occupation or one tending to shorten life. Liszt, the foremost piano-teacher of all time, lived seventy-five years, and Garcia, the foremost voice-teacher of all time, lived one hundred and two years.

Manuel Garcia was not only the world's

master-teacher but also the inventor of the laryngoscope, an instrument for inspecting the throat, which, to be sure, proved to be of much more importance to medical men than to music teachers. So when Garcia reached his hundredth birthday, the Laryngological Societies existing, thanks to his invention, all over the world, sent representatives to London to give a dinner in his honor.

The famous prima donna, Blanche Marchesi, relates in her absorbingly interesting memoirs ("Singer's Pilgrimage") that at this centennarian dinner, Garcia "heartily ate the complete menu, including oysters, lobsters, and strawberry ice-cream, making a very fine speech at the end of the banquet and seeming no more than a middle-aged man. At the after-dinner concert, Santley, Garcia's old pupil, Ada Crossly, my mother's pupil, and I myself took part.

"The next day, calling on him, fearing that the exertion of his birthday festivities had told on his health, we found him hale and hearty, and as usual he accompanied me to my carriage when I left, he running so fast that I hardly could follow."

Garcia always "took things gently and quietly, never over-rating his strength." That

was one of the secrets of his long life. And as a matter of fact, he did not eat oysters, lobsters, ice-cream and a lot of other things often. On the contrary; read the following:

SPONGE-CAKE AND MILK

When Manuel Garcia was seventy years old, busier than ever teaching the art of singing, his lunch invariably consisted of sponge-cake and a pint of milk. His pupil and future biographer, M. Sterling Mackinlay, once asked him if he did not feel hungry long before dinner, teaching as he did all day on such slender diet.

"No," he answered, "I don't feel half the discomfort from waiting that I should if I took a hearty meal in the middle of the day and then tried to teach immediately afterwards. Besides, I don't really need it. Most singers and teachers of singing eat more than they should. A man with moderate teeth, such as I have, can grow old on sponge-cake and milk."

"And he lived for more than thirty years after that," his biographer adds, "to prove the truth of his remark."

MARIE TEMPEST'S NINETEEN-INCH WAIST

When Miss Etherington—better known as Marie Tempest—fresh from a French convent—first sang for Garcia, hoping to be accepted as a pupil, he listened patiently till she had finished her aria. Then came a pause, while she tremblingly awaited his verdict.

At last Garcia spoke: "Thank you, Miss Etherington; will you please go home at once, take off that dress, rip off those stays, and let your waist out to at least twenty-five inches. When you have done so you may come back and sing to me, and I will tell you whether you have any voice."

The other girls in the class tittered while Marie slunk out of the room with flaming cheeks.

"He was quite right," she afterwards admitted. "No one can sing when laced in as tightly as I was. I went home and—well, I've never had a nineteen-inch waist since."

HADN'T TIME TO DIE

Garcia used to give two-hour lessons, but he allowed plenty of intervals of rest, during

which he told anecdotes about the great singers he had taught or known.

If a pupil repeated a mistake he had once corrected, he would say: "Jenny Lind would have cut her throat sooner than have given me reason to say: 'We corrected that mistake last time.'"

When a friend asked him what was the secret of his longevity, he replied: "No secret—I am so busy I haven't time to die."

WHY GARCIA WAS ANGRY

Garcia once had among his pupils a girl whom he had forbidden to use a high register. One morning she came to his studio and said cheerfully, "Good morning, master!" But the master at once began to reproach her for not obeying his orders. "But how do you know I sang soprano?" asked the girl much surprized. "Your voice told me as soon as you spoke the first word," was his answer; "and," he added, "if you continue that way, nothing will be left of your beautiful voice in ten years. I want you to study another year before you appear in public."

The girl was much admired and she could not resist the temptation to accept a good offer

from a manager. Garcia was very angry, and refused to give her any more lessons. "Do what you can with what you have learned from me," were his parting words, "but do not base your future on singing."

He knew what he was talking about. Ten years later his former pupil's beautiful voice was a wreck.

PLAYING FOR A CAVEMAN

Amy Fay had an experience with the famous pianist, Tausig, similar to that of the Boston girl referred to in the introduction to this chapter.

"Fancy," she writes, "how easy it was to play when he stood over me and kept calling all through it in German, 'Terrible! Shocking! Dreadful! O Gott! O Gott!' I was really playing it well, too, and I kept on in spite of him, but my nerves were all rasped and excited to the highest point, and when I got through and he gave me my music and said, 'Not at all bad' (very complimentary for him), I rushed out of the room and burst out crying. He followed me immediately, and coolly said: 'What are you crying for, child? Your playing was not at all bad!'"

He did not seem to be aware that he had been rude as a caveman.

ANOTHER TEMPERAMENTAL TEACHER

Of Leschetizky it is said that altho he was often extremely "temperamental"—slamming doors, crushing the music and throwing it on the floor, remarking to one of his class that he had better spend his future as a "tomato-grower," or turning off the gas and leaving the class in darkness—all his pupils seem to have loved him. One of the most prominent of them, an American, burst into tears when she heard of his death. Altho he was eighty-five years old, she had hoped to see him once more.

As an illustration of his graphic way of teaching the meanings of expression-marks this will serve: "To make an effective *accelerando* you must glide into rapidity as steadily as a train increases its speed when steaming out of a station."

A BUTTON OFF HER SHOE

Ethel Newcomb relates in her invaluable book, that it was not safe to go to Leschetizky

with a button off one's glove or embroidery even slightly frayed. These things he observed at once. He remarked to one girl:

"You have the same fault in your person that is in your playing. You have a button off your shoe every time I have seen you."

The famous teacher remembered every hand he had ever seen on the piano. He might forget faces, but hands, never. After years he could remember them as well as the pieces they had played.

"THE BLACK KEYS TOO?"

In her helpful "Life of Leschetizky," Annette Hullah relates that one day a rich tradesman came to one of his musical friends to ask what his terms would be for giving pianoforte lessons to his daughter. He named his price. "Well," said the tradesman, "that certainly is expensive—but does it include the black keys as well as the white?"

This entertaining writer also relates how, one day, Brahms (who liked Leschetizky, but not his pieces) came into his room while he was composing. Looking over the pianist's shoulder, he exclaimed: "Ha! What

sort of things are you writing this morning? I see—quite *little* things, *little* things, of course, yes," "*Little* things?" replied Leschetizky. "Yes, they are, but ten times more amusing than yours, I can tell you."

PLAYED A TRICK ON HER TEACHER

Cecile Chaminade, the well-known woman composer, relates in *The Étude* how she fooled her teacher.

"I studied harmony, counterpoint, and fugue with Savard. He was a very scholarly musician, but dry and pedantic, and I found him rather too fond of strict rules. He never permitted one any freedom of fancy, and, to my mind, he opposed more than he should have done any tendency toward originality on the part of the student. He invariably commenced by finding everything bad. At first my respect for his authority effectually paralyzed the rebellious feelings that crowded upon me; but little by little I became less in awe of him. My silent endurance burdened me and upon several occasions I found that he was positively unjust.

"One day, therefore, I determined to put a

stop to it. I would play a trick upon the professor. In accordance with my instructions, I would bring to my next lesson a little fugue!

"The day came. In all innocence I placed my exercise before the professor.

" 'But that's all wrong—it's full of blunders,' he commenced. 'What have I told you? You will not listen! Why do you not remember what I tell you?' With a furious air he commenced to make corrections, grumbling the while.

"I let him go on for a bit. Then, with all the innocence in the world, I remarked:

" 'Oh, I beg your pardon, *maître,* but I have made a mistake! The fugue is not mine—it is one of Bach's.'

"There was a long silence.

"I had, in fact, copied a little-known fugue of the old German master's, and presented it as the fruit of my own endeavors. Gradually his amazement passed. He continued his criticisms, and little by little demonstrated to me the excellence of the work submitted to his judgment. The shock, nevertheless, had been severe, and for the rest of the day he was disposed to judge my work more leniently. I was given more license to follow my own bent."

LUCKY LOUIS LOMBARD

Not every composer is as lucky as Mr. Louis Lombard. At one time a music teacher, then the director of a conservatory in a city of western New York, he suddenly blossomed into a millionoaire and went to live near the picturesque Swiss town of Lugano. There he purchased the elegant Château de Trevano and converted it into a musical center. Like the Esterhazys of Haydn's time and other princely personages, he has his private orchestra, and musical performances whenever he wants them. Instead of going to an opera house, he has the opera house come to him.

He wrote an opera called "Errisiñola," to a libretto by the well-known Luigi Illica. When it was finished, he hired the chorus and ballet of the "Scala" in Milan, engaged Yvonne de Tréville (for whom he had composed the music) and had it performed at his château before an audience of invited guests.

Like some other wealthy individuals, Mr. Lombard is of a restless, roaming disposition. A friend relates that once he happened to go to Rome in the same railway car as Mr. Lombard. After they had had dinner at the hotel the friend asked: "Well, what next?" And Lombard replied: "Why, leave Rome!"

HAUPTMANN'S DRY WIT

In his "Reminiscences of Noted Musicians," printed in *The Étude,* Carl Reinecke gives this illustration of Moritz Hauptmann's dry wit:

He had laid aside the composition of a pupil which he had corrected with ink, and then started some other work. The pupil found that it took too long for the ink to dry and went close to the red-hot stove (it was in winter) to hasten the drying process; the pages started burning, and a strong smell arose. Hauptmann sniffed and said:

"What's the matter there?"

"Excuse me, doctor," said the pupil, "I was drying my composition and——"

"It was not necessary," interrupted Hauptmann, "it was already dry enough."

ONE LESSON ENOUGH

A music teacher writes: "One day a man came to me and asked me my price of tuition, which was satisfactory. He told me in detail what a smart man he was, and promised to call some evening the coming week, and take an hour's lesson. He told me he could learn all

about music in an hour, as he was such a very smart man.

"Another man came to me and told me he wanted to write an opera. So he wanted to take one harmony lesson. He added that the lesson wasn't exactly necessary, as he already knew the major and minor chord; but, on consideration he thought a harmony lesson couldn't hurt. He never came for the lesson, and I don't know how his opera turned out."

ODD HABITS OF A PIANIST

Curious details regarding Henselt's habits are given in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* by Martin Krause, who took lessons of one of his pupils.

In St. Petersburg, Henselt played every Sunday for hours in his salon. Among those who listened were members of the highest Russian aristocracy (in the homes of many of whom, as in the Czar's palace, he gave lessons). He paid no attention to any one on these occasions, playing as if he were all alone, repeating things that pleased him, and indulging in other eccentricities.

As a teacher, Henselt had the curious habit of making two, three, or even more pupils play

different pieces at the same time in the same room. By so doing, he maintained, they would learn to concentrate their attention on what they were doing. It must have sounded like Schönberg.

THE CLERKS LAUGHED

There is no book except Mrs. Thomas's "Memoirs" which gives a more vivid idea of musical life in New York in the days of Theodore Thomas, than the "Memories of a Musical Life," by Dr. William Mason, the eminent piano teacher. It also includes glimpses of life abroad. Here is a snapshot:

"Only a few years before I arrived at Leipzig, Schumann's genius was so little appreciated that when he entered the store of Breitkopf & Härtel with a new manuscript under his arm, the clerks would nudge one another and laugh. One of them told me that they regarded him as a crank and a failure because his pieces remained on the shelf and were in the way."

CRITICAL CAPERS

CHAPTER VIII

CRITICAL CAPERS

IS IT true that a critic is "a man who writes about things he doesn't like"?

Too often one gets that impression. To "criticize" should not mean to judge unfavorably, but it usually does.

Is it a wonder particularly in the case of musical critics? They have to hear so many things they don't want to hear and so many things that are badly done, that it is natural for them to seek solace in pungent wit, and malicious sarcasm, or else just refuse to look at the day's duty seriously.

Ernest Newman, in issuing his delightful volume called "A Musical Medley," apologized for mixing gay articles with others that might seem excessively grave. "But," he adds, "there are many quarters-of-an-hour at concerts during which even the most hardened critic must succumb to an attack of insomnia. In these moments of suffering he must either go mad and deal death all around him or see himself and his sad profession humorously. I

have always preferred to try the latter remedy."

There is a curious notion current among musicians and other artists—particularly those who have been maltreated in the press—a notion that no one has a right to criticize a player, singer, or composer, unless he can play, sing, or compose himself.

You might as well say I have no right to find fault with a dinner unless I can cook one myself; or find fault with my tailor's work, unless I can sew myself.

Mr. Newman disposes of this matter delightfully in one sentence: "It is the business of the critic to teach the composer, not how to compose, indeed, but how *not* to compose."

It is quite proper for critics to poke fun at the poets for making themselves ridiculous when talking about music. Tennyson, in "Maud," speaks of the dance-music at the hall being played on the flute, violin and bassoon —"a truly appalling combination," is Mr. Newman's just comment.

When Philip Hale, the witty Boston critic, referred to Edward MacDowell as being "not a Boston genius but a real genius," he wrote with a hornet's sting, dipped in ink.

Most of the famous musical critics of our

day (George Bernard Shaw, Rupert Hughes and Carl van Vechten, were among them early in their career), have had a vein of wit and humor. Albert Steinberg, of the New York *Herald,* was a *bon mot* incarnate; so was his successor, Edward Ziegler. I shall never forget Ziegler's remark to me after a pianist had played Pabst's paraphrase of Tchaikovsky's "Flower Waltz," when I asked him if he knew anything about Pabst: "He was the Pabst who made Tchaikovsky famous."

Future generations, to be sure, who know nothing about Milwaukee beer, will have to have that joke explained to them.

W. J. Henderson's jokes have a way of sticking in the memory. Writing about a gloomy act in a new opera, with the lights turned down, he wrote that "under cover of darkness the composer stole the love duo from Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

Sharp as nitric acid was his remark about a certain famous Quartet, that "they wasted a great deal of valuable time playing out of tune."

Referring to an early impersonation of the Egyptian *Aïda* by an American prima donna whose voice at that time was not as warm as it became later, Henderson wrote: "Icicles hung

on the palms and there was skating on the Nile."

Everybody has been thrilled by Bach's wonderful "Prelude in *C* major" to which Gounod superadded a splendid melody, much maligned by musical purists. A German critic once started a comic musical dictionary in which Bach was disposed of in one sentence; he was "an organist who wrote the accompaniment to Gounod's 'Ave Maria.'"

Under Wagner, he had this: "Richard Wagner was a good musician, but he left behind him the Wagnerites, which was most unkind of him."

Musical critics labor under the disadvantage that many of their most serious remarks became aggravatingly funny with the lapse of time.

Once I had a plan for writing a comic history of music. It would probably have had more readers than the serious histories have. The critics would of course, have had the longest chapter.

In my "Wagner and His Works" I amused myself—and satisfied my evil desire for revenge—by citing many of the ludicrously vitriolic comments on the Wagner operas when they first were sung. Some of the critics

were very angry thereat, but they couldn't do anything about it, for I had simply quoted their own words.

As a sample, here are a few of the epithets bestowed on "Tristan and Isolde": "silly," "higher cat-music," "a monstrosity," "sonorous monotony," "grinning and bawling," "a tonal chaos of heart-rending chords."

To-day, all the world agrees with Verdi, who said regarding this same opera: "Of Wagner's works the one which has always excited my supreme admiration is 'Tristan.' Before this gigantic edifice I always stand with astonishment and awe, and I can not yet comprehend how a human being could have imagined and achieved such a work."

In a talk with Daniel Gregory Mason, Paderewski said that he considered Wagner's "Meistersinger," score the supreme achievement of the human mind in any sphere. The German critics, however, found in this same score little but "dramatico-musical humbug," "horrible caterwauling," "brutal terrorism of the brass," and "the craziest assault ever made on art, taste, music and poetry." They were humorists of the future.

Mark A. Blumenberg, who, with Otto Floersheim, founded the *Musical Courier,* once

fell out with his friend, Alexander Lambert. To show his contempt, he wrote about him as alexander lambert. No doubt, he had quite a tussle with the proof-readers before he could carry out his malicious scheme.

The *Musical Courier* was lucky to have on its staff for years two of the leading wits in the musical world, James Huneker and Emil Liebling. Let me cite here two of their classical jokes.

CARREÑO'S HUSBANDS

Teresa Carreño was one of the greatest pianists of that day, and as for marriage—well, did not James Huneker once write that at her *first* New York recital she played the *second* concerto of her *third* husband?

AFTER STRAUSS

"After Strauss—What?" queried an English journalist; and Leonard Liebling replied: "The critics are after him, for one thing."

RUSKIN'S FOOLISHNESS

Probably the most screamingly funny "criticism" ever perpetrated on a musical composition is Ruskin's assault on this same

"Meistersinger." Ruskin knew nothing whatever about music. Imagine how indignant he would have been had a man, who knew as little about art as he did about music, written about Turner as he is said to have written about Wagner! Here it is:

"Of all the *bête,* clumsy, blundering, boggling, baboon-headed stuff I ever saw on a human stage, that thing last night—as far as the story and acting went, and of all the affected, sapless, soulless, beginningless, endless, topless, bottomless, topsiturviest, tuneless, scrannel-pipiest songs, and boniest doggerel of sounds I ever endured the deadliness of, that eternity of nothing was the deadliest as far as its sound went. I never was so relieved, so far as I can remember, in my life by the stopping of any sound, not excepting railroad whistles, as I was by the cessation of the cobbler's bellowing; even the serenader's caricatured twangle was a rest after. As for the great 'Lied,' I never made out where it began or where it ended, except by the fellow's coming off the horse block."

THE WORM TURNED

Liszt hadn't much more reason to love the critics than Wagner had. They were always

"after him." Once in a while he sharpened his tongue and talked back.

One day when three friends called on him he suggested a game of whist. Two of them were willing, the other confessed he didn't know a thing about whist.

"Ah!" replied Liszt—"then you can be our critic!"

HOW THE KAISER FOOLED THE CRITICS

The ex-Kaiser did not like the critics. At a luncheon he once gave to Massenet and Saint-Saëns he said that it sufficed to have a play produced by his orders to make them knock it out; consequently he pretended to be indifferent when he wanted them to praise a thing.

TWO EPIGRAMS

"Even the critics, many of them, know a great deal about music," Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the famous pianist, admits, with pardonable exaggeration. She has always been praised by them.

Another of her epigrams: "A true pianissimo is the result of strength, not weakness."

HOPED THE AUDIENCE WOULDN'T KNOW

Louis Persinger, the American violinist, brought back from one of his tours some amusing "critical" reminiscences. One was of a gushing girl who said he played Beethoven's "Mignonette [minuet] perfectly lovely." Another concerned a newspaper critic, in a Southern town, who wrote that his playing might not be as "classical" as Ysaye's, but it was more enjoyed by the audience; and one in the West, who said he had a "wonderful technic, producing tones from deep viola to the lightest and daintiest of capriccioso." Then another wrote of his "mood ranging anywhere from the *G*-string to playing up near the bridge, prestissimo."

In one small town, he mentioned to the local manager that his violin was over two hundred years old. The manager scratched his head a minute and then whispered: "Well, say, young man, don't say anything about it, and maybe the audience won't know the difference."

WHEN SHAW SPOKE ITALIAN

How even an opera libretto may have its uses is shown by Bernard Shaw (at one time

a musical critic), who relates this incident: "Once I was in Milan with a party of English friends, dining at a railway restaurant. Our waiter spoke no language other than his own. When the moment came to pay and rush for our train we were unable to make him understand that we wanted not one bill, but twenty-four separate ones. My friends insisted that I must know Italian—I racked my memory for chips from the language of Dante, in vain, All of a sudden a line from 'The Huguenots' flashed to my brain: 'Ognuno per se: per tutti il ciel' (every man for himself and heaven for all), I declaimed with triumphant success. The army of waiters was doubled up with laughter, and my fame as an Italian scholar has been on the increase ever since."

WHAT STAGE FRIGHT REALLY IS

To Leonard Liebling the world is indebted for the first accurate and exhaustive definition of stage fever:

"We know from personal experience that stage fright is a malady made up in equal parts of amnesia, ague, indigestion, nausea, locomotor ataxia, water on the brain, jumping patella or kneecap, digital swelling, and paralysis,

parched palate, cleaving tongue, stuttering, semi-blindness, and gallows gait. On one occasion when we were performing a piano-piece in public we became confused because our teeth were chattering in 12-8 prestissimo rhythm and tempo, while the composition called for 3-4 adagio. On the day that we resolved to give up the virtuoso career, musical art was deprived of probably the world's most nervous pianist."

HEN MUSIC

While Philip Hale has been the leading humorist among the Boston critics of our generation, Louis C. Elson never lost a good chance for a jest and a laugh in his writings or lectures. Here is a sample:

Rufus Choate once said to his daughter before a concert began: "Now explain these numbers to me, that I may not dilate with the wrong emotion!"

"One fault, music-picture-painting always has. It can not be as definite as painting, or sculpture, or literature. I have frequently tried this experiment before large audiences. Playing a certain piece by Rameau, I have told the public that it quaintly pictured some-

thing. At the end of the work, the public remained mystified. Then I have given the public the title, 'La Poule' ('The Hen'), and played it over again. At once ripples of laughter would greet the cacklings of the music. In painting, it would scarcely be necessary to inform the spectator that the picture was that of a hen, before it could be appreciated."

A HORSE SONATA

Lawrence Gilman had just ground for complaint when in a review of his book on MacDowell he was made to say that MacDowell in his music has conveyed the "toxic charm" of the sea. What he really wrote was the "tonic" charm.

This was almost as bad as when Philip Hale's *Musical Record* made him refer to MacDowell's "Norse Sonata" as the "Horse" sonata.

WHY TWO LESSONS?

The old idea persists abroad that Americans are too much in a hurry. Albert Garcia relates an amusing anecdote regarding a very famous singer and teacher. When he was studying with Mme. Viardot-Garcia in Paris,

one day an American lady was announced, who said, "I guess I want two lessons." "And, pray, why *two* lessons?" asked the sarcastic prima donna. "I guess because it's plural," answered the American. This lady was going back to America to say she had had lessons from Mme. Viardot!

A SERIO-COMIC MEDLEY

CHAPTER IX

A SERIO-COMIC MEDLEY

THE WORST OF ALL BANDS

During the Democratic Convention in New York (1924) the *World* printed this musical story:

Col. Michael E. Hennessey, of Boston, insists that criticism of the convention band is not wholly fair.

"Picking the worst band in the world," says the Colonel, "is a hard task. Old Bill Davenport thought his regimental band was the worst in the world. So did his Colonel and the rest of the regiment until one day they heard a band approaching in the distance. As one man they agreed it was worse than theirs and rushed to the street to look it over. The nearer it came the worse it got. Finally it turned the corner.

"My Gawd!" the Colonel exclaimed, "it's our band after all."

THE PROFESSOR'S JOKE

An amusing story of Hofrat Dr. Von Hyrtl, the famous anatomist, is related by Eduard Strauss in his reminiscences .

One day a Viennese family—father, mother, and daughter—made an excursion to a suburb and ordered a meal at a restaurant. The portions were unusually large, and enough remained for another meal. Looking about, the mother saw in a corner a man in shirt-sleeves and with a green shade over his eyes.

"Let's give that poor blind man what's left over," she said.

The husband carried it over with a kind word, and was cordially thanked. After a while the blind man went out, and soon thereafter the Viennese family asked for their bill. It was soon settled, but the waiter, on returning with the change, carried a bucket with two bottles of champagne on ice.

"What's this?" said the Viennese; "I didn't order any champagne."

"No," said the waiter, "but Professor Hyrtl —the man with the green eye-shade—ordered these bottles for you and paid for them."

GIRLS WHO ARE INSULTED

Asked about operatic managers in Europe who make insulting proposals to girls looking for an engagement, Alfred Scendrei, of the Century Opera Company answered:

"That type exists in Europe, but I have personally studied the species in this country, too. And remember that if a young woman finds herself insulted in one of the 250 European opera-houses she can strike her insulter in the face and go elsewhere. How much independence could she display in this country, where the number of opera companies is so limited?"

MANNERS ON THE CONCERT STAGE

Manners upon the concert stage do not appear to have always been as good as they are now. When Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" had its first hearing in Liverpool, in 1836, the *Journal* of that city remarked: "Madame Caradori had little to do, and that little she did carelessly. She was the nominal, and Mrs. Wood the actual prima donna of the festival. Her inattention was remarkable; one-half of the time she was forcing Mrs. Knyvett to chat with her, and they diversified this by the pleas-

ing amusement of comparing the size of their respective hands and examining the texture of their cambric handkerchiefs! This, during the performance of a sacred oratorio, was too bad."

THREE NIBELUNG JOKES

Jokes innumerable have been cracked on the duration of Wagner's music-dramas. "Why are the four Nibelung dramas referred to as the 'Ring' operas?" asked the *Fliegende Blätter.*

Answer: "Because a ring has no end."

Returning from a day's visit to Munich a villager was asked at what hotel he spent the night. "Hotel?" he echoed, much surprized. "Didn't I tell you I was going to the "Götterdämmerung"?

A rural visitor in New York was passing the Metropolitan Opera House. Many were hurrying in.

"What's going on here to-day?" he asked a man standing near the door.

"Götterdämmerung" was the answer; to which the rural visitor retorted:

"Well, you needn't swear at a man for asking a civil question!"

FUNNY BEHAVIOR OF ITALIANS

One of the funniest things in the musical world is the behavior of the Italians toward what they like best. That, unquestionably, is a loud, high note; it makes them frantic with delight.

Liking it so much, one would think they must want to hear as much of it as possible; but, no; almost invariably, as soon as the note has been struck they break out into frantic yells and completely drown it.

It was so one day in London at a charity concert. Caruso sang, the Italians in the gallery were carried away, and shouted as he was holding a fortissimo high note, while the indignant English, as Alfred Kalisch remarks, shouted "Hush."

The Italians, in other words, are as absurd as a child would be who showed his delight in a dish of ice-cream by pouring a glass of vinegar over it after having eaten a spoonful or two.

"PARSIFAL"

"Parsifal," said an Irishman, "appeals to your religious feelings even if you haven't got any."

DANGEROUS RIBBONS

In Warsaw, Paderewski once had a curious experience with the Russian officialdom. On the night of his concert there were several cart-loads of flowers, wreaths and the like, to be handed over the footlights. The head of the Russian police said he had no objection to the demonstration—only all the ribbons of national colors must come off the flowers before they were taken through the audience.

This was done without lessening the enthusiasm of the people in the least.

ROCKEFELLER AND MUSIC

At his eightieth birthday celebration John D. Rockefeller applauded and redemanded a cornet solo; which proves that he was wise to give up music and take to oil and million-airing. He related that when he was a boy he had musical ambitions and nearly drove his mother crazy by playing the piano six hours a day. Had he persevered, he might afterward have played for the movies at a dollar an hour.

WHEN PATTI WANTED CHAMPAGNE

When Adelina Patti was still a little girl but already singing in public, she had, as Strakosch relates, a decided liking for champagne. On one occasion the Norwegian virtuoso, Ole Bull, sitting next to her at table, refused to let her have any. She did not cry, as some other spoiled child might have done, but administered a sharp smack to the cheek of the astonished violinist.

A WALTZ AT HER BURIAL

An amusing story, which has the additional merit of being true, is related of an old lady in Vienna, whose greatest joy in life had always been to listen to the waltzes of Strauss as played by his orchestra, and who ordained in her last will and testament that a Strauss waltz should be played at her funeral, for which each member of the orchestra was to receive a ducat.

The heirs objected at first, on religious grounds, to carry out this plan, but the provisions of the will were distinct, and could not be violated without endangering their own claims; so Strauss and his musicians were engaged and placed in a circle around the grave,

and while the coffin was being lowered they played the favorite waltz of their late lamented admirer.

This story is vouched for by Strauss himself, and it shows most vividly what a firm hold the music of the Strauss family has taken on the Viennese mind. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the minds of most people, Strauss and Vienna are almost synonymous terms. No other city has ever had a hero so thoroughly identified with itself. We can think of Berlin without Bismarck, of London without Dickens, of Paris without Victor Hugo; but I defy any one to think of Vienna without at the same time conjuring up the name of Strauss, by what psychologists call an inseparable association of ideas.

JOYOUS MUSIC AT FUNERALS

In the Philippine Islands, according to William B. Freer, there is never a town so poor that it has not its band of music; never a hamlet so poverty-stricken that it has not an orchestra of a few musicians. Among the Christianized peoples, all important ceremonies are performed to music, and especially in Nueva Vizcaya this custom has a strong hold.

There the babies are christened, dwellings are blessed, saints' days are celebrated, couples are married, and the corpses are buried to music of brass band or orchestra, or both. The procession marches to and from the church with the band, the straggling musicians barefooted and without uniforms.

Mr. Freer's feelings were shocked upon observing that at some funerals the liveliest airs were played; upon an occasion, a funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery to the music of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

It is needless to say that the people, not knowing the words of the song, were attracted only by the melody. In explanation of this custom, Thomas said: "When a young child dies its soul ascends directly to heaven. Therefore, we are glad and our music is joyous. But when an old person is taken, he must suffer in purgatory. Hence, there is cause to mourn, and our music is doleful."

A JAPANESE FUNERAL

When the Mikado died, some years ago, the music used to emphasize the mournfulness of the occasion was thus referred to:

"The eerie sounds of the native funeral music, to which especially the small flute-like bamboo *hichiriki,* with its inconceivably plaintive and penetrating notes, gave a weird effect, not unlike that of the high notes of the Scottish bagpipes, heralded the approach of the cortège to the waiting throng that filled the great space outside the bridge. The blazing pine torches, the rise and fall of the sighing, wailing notes of the native instruments, the rhythmic movement of the soldiers, and the slow tread of hundreds of men upon the pebble-covered roads . . . the whole moving through a literal sea of human beings, with not a sound but the music and an occasional hysterical sob, offered a scene wonderful for its intense impressiveness. The great city was almost as silent as the grave itself."

TROMBONES AND BEANS

Balzac was not a musician, Ernest Newman thinks; he remembers a letter in which this French novelist tells a correspondent how, in order to get inside the skin of his musical characters, he used to engage an old pianist to come now and then to play to him—"much in the same way that Darwin, having been told

by some joker or other that music had an influence on the growth of plants, hired a man to play the trombone for several hours a day to a row of beans."

FUNNY BUT ANNOYING

Saint-Saëns relates an amusing anecdote regarding a concert of his own compositions he once conducted at Lille. There were five rehearsals, and he noticed that not a single player attended all of them, excepting the kettle-drummer; yet the number of players was always the same. Each member of the orchestra, it seems, had at the time of this or that rehearsal some other job which was more profitable. To the kettle-drummer Saint-Saëns spoke after the final rehearsal, shook his hand, and congratulated him on his punctuality and perseverance. "Oh, that's all right, master," was the retort, "I was glad to do my duty. At the concert, however, another man will take my place, as I am going to play at a ball."

When Conried was manager of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York he had a similar experience when he found that the (eight-hour) union men who carefully re-

hearsed the scenic effects of Wagner's "Walküre" all the morning, were replaced at the performance by another set who had not rehearsed at all. And the stage hands, apparently, did not consider this dishonorable or even funny.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

"Unconscious humor has a charm all its own," says the London *Musical Times*. "We all know of the innocent student who, when the lecturer announced, 'My next lecture will be on Keats,' responded, 'Please, sir, what *are* Keats?'

"A companion picture to this delightful misunderstanding was afforded in a West Riding town of manufacturing proclivities. Here a well-known musician proposed to give a lecture on 'Schumann's Pianoforte Works,' and enthusiastic amateurs did their best to beat up an audience. One of them meeting a friend, seized the opportunity to urge him to attend the lecture, and was met by the inquiry. '"Schumann's Pianoforte Works"? And where may they be situated, at Leeds or Bradford?'"

HER MUSICAL EDUCATION

Apropos of a story told by the English critic, Robin H. Legge, of Mme. Edvina being reported to have sung Beethoven's "*C*-minor Symphony," a correspondent relates that he invited a lady to accompany him to a concert at which Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" was to be played. The lady, however, declined the invitation on the ground that she much preferred to hear Mischa Elman play it on the violin!

When the friend pointed out that it was a symphony, the lady retorted that that signified nothing, as Elman had arranged it for violin!

This young lady had just returned from Dresden, where she had enjoyed two years of "finishing lessons" in music and general education!

THE MINISTER'S CASK OF "WINE"

The reason why there are so few good choirs is indicated in *The Musician* by Frederic S. Law, who quotes what an expostulating conductor said to his singers:

"You remind me of the people in a little

German village who agreed to unite in giving the priest a barrel of wine. Accordingly the cask was put on a cart, which was driven from door to door, each one pouring in the stipulated quantity; but when the good father drew his first glass, he was astonished beyond measure to find that he had nothing but water to drink. Every one had poured in water, thinking that since his neighbors were giving wine, his trick would not be detected. So it is with you," he concluded. "One singer thinks it will make no difference if he misses a rehearsal; but the trouble is that others have the same unlucky thought; thus we find ourselves seriously crippled, and the reputation of our society suffers in consequence."

THE DONKEY BUDGED AT LAST

Much amusement was caused one night at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, by the stubbornness of the donkey, which refused to leave the stage during a performance of "I Pagliacci." Evidently this blood-and-thunder opera was to its taste. Had Mr. Campanari been in the cast all the trouble might have been avoided.

Mr. Heinrichs, one of the Metropolitan

conductors, relates that during a performance of the same opera in Philadelphia, under his direction, the donkey sat down and refused to budge. The situation was so funny that the whole performance was in danger of collapsing when suddenly Mr. Campanari had an inspiration. Seeing a green mat, he seized it, and holding it a few feet away from the animal, moved toward the background, whereupon the donkey got up promptly and followed him, meek as a lamb.

"DAMN VARIATIONS!"

In the year 1836, a royal concert took place at St. James's Palace. One of the items was a fantasia played by a pianist, Mlle. Blahetka. During the performance King William went up to Sir George Smart, who had arranged the program, and said that the Queen had desired him to say "something civil to the young lady," but that he could not make out what she was playing. "It sounds," observed his Majesty, "like 'God Save the King' but then it goes off into something else. What do you call it?" "Please, your Majesty," replied the musician, "it is 'God Save the King,' with variations." *"Damn* variations!" exclaimed the King, and immediately left the concert-room.

"We saw no more of his Majesty that evening," was the note added in the diary of Sir George Smart in which this anecdote occurs.

ROUGH ON THE DANCER

At an exhibition in Liverpool a picture of "La Karsavina" by an artist named Kauffmann was to be shown. The French admirers of that charming dancer were horrified, Ernest Newman relates in his "Musical Motley," to find her described by a local critic as "a crumbling ruin, a devastated gorge, a leprous façade, cracking and peeling—a dreadful vision, giving an unforgetable impression of tragic horror."

The mystery was solved only when it was discovered that the French paper had sent in error a wild landscape to the exhibition to which the committee had attached the title of the picture they understood the artist to be sending them. How was an art critic in Liverpool to know that La Karsavina was not a landscape, but a Russian dancer?

SOUSA TO THE RESCUE

Speaking of panics, Blanche Marchesi recalls an occasion when, at a concert by Sousa's

band, the lights went out and the hall was plunged into utter darkness. Seeing the danger of the situation, Sousa, ordered the band to play, *"Oh dear, what can the matter be?"* —which they did till the lights went on again, so that the little incident gave rise to hilarity instead of panic.

LULLY AND HIS CONFESSOR

In the days of Lully, the famous French opera composer, life in the theatrical world was considered a wicked thing calling for pennance.

One day Lully was so ill that it was thought wise to send for his confessor, as his end seemed near. "In view of your stage-life," said the priest, "I want you to do penance by sacrificing something very dear to you."

Seeing the manuscript of a new opera, just finished, he added: "Let me throw this in the fire."

Lully consented. He did not die but soon recovered. Some time later a friend said to him, "What a pity that new opera score was destroyed."

"Oh, that's all right," retorted Lully; "I have a copy of it!"

DAMROSCH AND BISPHAM

Walter Damrosch has a cosmopolitan taste in music. "I even adore the Scotch bagpipes," he says in his entertaining memoirs, "and am almost in sympathy with the Scotsman who says that his idea of heaven is 'twenty bagpipers a' playin' t'gither in a sma' room and each one playing a different tune.' "

Concerning the American barytone, David Bispham, Mr. Damrosch tells this story: "One morning we were seated at breakfast in the dining-car of our train when the colored waiter. "Dat coffee am all right. It's de weak that a drop of the so-called cream turned it a bluish-gray.

"Take away that coffee!" Bispham thundered. "It is not fit to drink! It is too weak!"

"Oh, no, sah!" expostulated gently the waiter. "Dat coffee am all right. It's de cream what's too powerful strong!"

WEALTHY MUSICIANS

The fact that one of the most popular musicians in Vienna, Josef Hellmesberger, died leaving only $6,000, caused Mark Blumenberg

to remark that "a man of the position held by Hellmesberger in Vienna, located in a large American city, would have fared like Carl Baermann, Faelten, B. J. Lang (worth a quarter of a million), and dozens of others. I know an organist in Boston who has in work and teaching made in twelve years in clear profit, over expense, $60,000. There it is, put away on interest. He is no exception. His case can not be touched anywhere in Europe, where they appreciate music so much that they refuse to pay musicians."

NOT BY MARK TWAIN

If Mark Twain had tried to parody the arguments in favor of protection he could hardly have done better than the manager of a German theater at Peine, near Hildesheim, did in the following letter addressed to a newspaper:

"It is to be much regretted that a town like Peine does so little to support the theater. I myself regret this most, being the chief sufferer. I have done all I could to give only the latest and the best in a really artistic manner, yet the audiences are always small. The public surely ought to consider that the money

I pay my singers is spent right here. Yet when I import singers from Leipzig, everybody goes to hear them, altho they take their earnings away with them. People ought to understand that I must live, too, and do something for my singers; and I therefore appeal to the artistic and philosophic sentiment in the town of Peine to give me protection, at least for the remaining performers in order that my losses may not be greater yet. Last Wednesday my total receipts for the 'Bonivard' performance were thirteen marks ($3.12), wherefore I was obliged to close the theater."

FROM HAND TO MOUTH

An English writer tells of an orchestra in an English provincial theater, of which a very distinguished native musician was the violinist many years ago. The orchestra consisted of the violinist, a cornet player who "blew" spasmodically at intervals from a corner where he reclined on the floor, too drunk to sit up, and a pianist who played with his left hand only. But the right was used to convey to the mouth of the pianist a pot of porter, which stood always on the corner of the instrument!

WANTED: WEDDING MUSIC

Has it ever occurred to young composers that the shortest road to fame and fortune lies in writing good wedding-music? In no other department of the art does the supply fall so lamentably short of the demand. There are hundreds of thousands of weddings in America and Europe every year, and at nearly all of them appropriate music is wanted, yet there are barely half a dozen that have been universally accepted as suitable. In nine cases out of ten the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" is played, or the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," or both. Here are the two great models of what is wanted: music which is simple, tuneful, sentimental, stirring, exultant. The exultant strain is missing in the "Lohengrin" bridal chorus, but it is all the more conspicuous in the introduction to the third act, which expresses the wedding festivities within, and which should be played more frequently at marriages.

A VERY YOUNG ART INDEED

Homer recited his poems 2,700 years ago, yet his "Odyssey" (the world's first novel), in the original or in the prose translations of

Professor Palmer or Andrew Lang, is as enjoyable to-day as the pages of any modern writer in verse or prose. Music, on the contrary, is so young that if you go back more than three centuries you will find hardly anything that a modern audience can quite relish.

Palestrina, to be sure, died in 1594, and some of his ecclesiastic compositions are still heard once in a while, but it would be absurd to say that music lovers enjoy them as keenly as lovers of poetry and fiction enjoy Homer.

An amusing illustration of the modernity of music was given one afternoon in the Cort Theater, where, under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music, the celebrated Harold Bauer gave a recital of harpsichord music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It provided the morning papers whole critical columns of palæontological comment, just as if the science reporters had been called upon to describe new finds in North Dakota of pterosaurian, pythonomorphic pterodactylian, ichthyosaurian, or iguanondonoid fossils.

SIX BILLION MELODIES

Modern composers who lack the faculty of creating original melodies sometimes try to

console themselves with the reflection that the melodic possibilities have been about exhausted.

How far this is from being true Dr. Ralph Dunstan has shown: "Even with such a short musical form as the Anglican single chant, which consists in its simple statement of the notes, no less than sixty million different melodies are possible, without 'regarding the multitudinous differences formed by passing and auxiliary notes, harmonies, and rhythmical accentuation.' Supposing only one in a hundred of these tunes to be musically interesting, we have a possible repertory of 600,000 single chants. And if this be true of such a simple and restricted form of melody, with what overwhelming force does it apply to longer and more important compositions!"

The chromatic scale yields over six billion possibilities in the construction of melodies. Perhaps, if Strauss knew this, he would try once more.

KNITTING AT CONCERTS

"Are women who knit at concerts as dangerous and objectionable as submarines or Zeppelins?" was asked in war time.

One could not but think so from the tone of some letters to newspaper-editors. It did not seem to occur to these writers that there was a very simple, effective, and inexpensive way of not being bothered by these women. It consists of shutting one's eyes.

PLAYING WITH HEAD, FEET, AND KNEES

A writer in the Italian periodical, *Piemonte,* relates that when a descendant of Donizetti visited an armory in Constantinople, he was surprized to see among the members of the band a man who beat the big drum and at the same time played the cymbals and the triangle. The cymbals he had fastened to his knees, and thus clashed them.

Seeing his surprize at this proceeding, the conductor thus explained the mystery: "It is done by command of Abdul Hamid, who once was told that there was an Italian musician in the streets of Constantinople who played a number of instruments simultaneously, with his hands, feet, head, etc. The Sultan wanted his band to include that kind of a player, so we promptly had one trained to meet his demands."

BISMARCK AND FREE MUSIC

Keudell, who wrote a book on Prince Bismarck, once saw the "man of blood and iron" shed tears during a performance of Beethoven's "Sonata Appasionata." His favorite composers were Beethoven and Schubert; the only thing he did not like in their works was the variations; these, he said, "do not speak to the heart." Concerning the sonata just referred to, he remarked: "This is like the singing and sobbing of a whole human life. If I heard this music often I should always be brave."

He was inclined to invent a pictorial background for music which had none. Of Mendelssohn's "Capriccio" he said: "In parts this sounds like a merry Rhine journey; at other places I fancy I see a fox running along cautiously in the woods."

When he lived at Frankfort, Birsmarck often said he did not like to go to concerts or operas, for two reasons: he disliked being confined in the limited space occupied by a seat and he objected to the very idea of paying for music. "Paid music," he said, "such as you hear in concert halls and opera-houses, has

little attraction for me; but there is nothing I love more than music at home; there it has a most beneficial effect on me." Music, he maintained, "should be a free gift, like love."

It did not seem to occur to him that musicians must live. He was inconsistent, too. Wagner had the same idea that music should be free to the public, and his first intention was that the Bayreuth Festival performances should be accessible to rich and poor alike. But he needed money to build his theater and pay the musicians. He appealed to Bismarck for governmental support, but in vain.

WHEN MUSIC IS EVERYTHING

Owing to changed conditions, music has lost what used to be its main function in war: that of stirring up patriotic courage. What it did, instead, in the recent Great War, is summed up in a few words in a letter by Lieut.-Col. W. J. Marshall to Dr. Vogt, director of the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, in which he says:

"Here we are two miles from the trenches, a brass band playing, a moving-picture show near, concert at Y. M. C. A. tent, one pipe

band playing the tatoo, etc., everything done to amuse the men when they are back from the front line and take their minds from the trenches. Music is everything. It drives all cares and worries away."

A "DIVINE DYNAMITE" FOR SOLDIERS

In the days before Bolshevist rule, music played a great rôle in Russian army-life. There were about 100,000 uniformed musicians, one-half of whom were actively employed in the Empire's one thousand regiments, the other half being in the navy and military schools. Ivan Narodny has had an illuminating article on this subject in *Musical America.*

"There had been serious discussion," he says, "as to whether it would be wise to reduce the number of these musical companies, which cost a great deal of money, but the military authorities never dared to do so, knowing the seriousness of the results." "Music for a Russian soldier means more than anything else." Before the great battle of Mukden, Mr. Narodny heard a Russian soldier say: "Whether I am to be shot or I have the luck to remain alive, I know not—but I must hear my fa-

vorite march this fatal night. It is a stimulation to action, a solace to the soul."

The generals who know this effect of music on soldiers are the ones who thwarted all attempts to banish music from the army. On this subject Mr. Narodny cites former General Linevitch, commander of the Russian Army, who expressed himself in this forcible language: "Music is one of the most vital ammunitions of the Russian army. Without music a Russian soldier would be dull, cowardly, brutal, and inefficient. From music he absorbs a magic power of endurance and forgets the sufferings and mortality. It is a 'divine dynamite.'"

The Russian surgeons in the Japanese war said that the dying soldiers in the hospitals implored that a band would play for them that they might overcome the agonies of pain. Napoleon complained, after he had been defeated in Russia, that it was the deplorable result of Russian winter and Russian army-music. "The weird and barbaric tunes of those beastly Cossack regiments simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites to the maddest rage, and they wiped out the very cream of the army," wrote the great conqueror in his note-book.

WONDERFUL TIBETAN CHURCH MUSIC

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, who has risked his life in innumerable ways in penetrating the interior regions of Tibet, has excited the curiosity of musicians by his extravagant praise of what he is pleased to call the "church music" of that mysterious country, says a writer in the *New Music Review*. He claims that he has visited no fewer than thirty-one temples in the land of the Grand Lama, and that he found the music of the "temple service" to be so beautiful that he was spiritually transported by it to regions supernal! Dr. Hedin says:

"All through Tibet the life of these monks has appealed to me and filled me with delight beyond anything I can say. The most delightful thing in all Tibet is the church music. Fresh young voices, softened by thick, dark draperies along the front of an open gallery, pour forth their wonderful hymns, full of peace and love and longing. Between whiles you hear the rumbling thunder of the bassoons and the rhythmical clash of the cymbals; then the flutes with their shrill melodies, and the rolling drums, which echo through the high halls of the temples. But the singing is by far

the most beautiful; it carries one up and away from the troubles of this earth."

DREADNOUGHT PROGRAM MUSIC

Life on a modern battleship is depicted in a piece of program music by an English composer, Bruce Steane, and performed at Bournemouth by Dan Godfrey's band. "Dreadnought" is its title, and it is divided into four movements, respectively labelled thus: (1) The Launch of the "Dreadnought"; (2) In the Breeze; (3) The Calm, leading to the Storm; (4) Prayer—Full Steam Ahead —In England Again.

The great ship herself is typified by a *leit-motif* of a chromatic character, suggestive, we are told, of "the perfect symmetry and strength of her form from turret to waterline."

In the second movement, life on the ocean leviathan is depicted in full swing; the character of the third is sufficiently indicated by the label attached to it and quoted above: "The final movement,' it is stated, "is ushered in by a prayer, through the solemn strains of which are heard the wailing cries of the seagulls."

Then, after a fugual section, comes a passage

illustrating the command, "Full steam ahead for home," while the final page proclaims "the triumph of the ship's maiden trip and the joy of the crew at being in England again."

AN AIR-VOYAGE SET TO MUSIC

A German composer named Bangert has written a symphony entitled, "Zeppelin's First Great Journey." It is, of course, program music. These are the contents:

"Preliminary preparations; ascent and smooth sailing; feelings of gratitude and happiness high above the earth; cruising over mountains, valleys, towns, and country; approach of storm and thunderclouds; circling over the cathedral of Strasbourg; continuation of the journey; landing and tempest; complete destruction of the airship; confident outlook into the future."

CHINESE PROGRAM MUSIC

The Chinese have program music and had it long before we did. Consul-General Clarence E. Gauss at Shanghai came across pieces of music entitled "Opening the Hand," "The Maid of the Green Willow," "Mother Under-

stands Me Well," "Alone at Home," "Dame Wang," "The Abode of Love," "The Widow's Lament," "Painting Fans," "Breaking the Looking-glass," "Making Verses with a Bird," "The Locust's Fate," "The Seal of Longevity," "The Leader of Happiness," "The Happy Dream," "The Men Who Fear Their Wives," "The Crockery-mender."

TWO "IMMORAL" OPERAS

When Bizet's "Carmen" was first produced in Paris it was considered so "immoral" that parents would not take their daughters to it. "Tristan" also was decried on moral grounds. What right had *Tristan* to make love to the King's wife? Well, he loved her and she loved him before she saw the royal dotard. She was only engaged to the *King,* not married, when *Tristan* made love to her. Moreover, we are all beginning to realize that it is a crime to marry a beautiful young girl, who is madly in love with a young man, to an impotent old dotard, be he royal or unroyal. As Schopenhauer pointed out, "in the choosing of mates the welfare of the next generation is at stake." There lies the morality of the future,

as exemplified in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

NO RACE SUICIDE HERE

It is lucky that before Theodore Roosevelt admonished the world, there were parents who abhorred race suicide. Franz Schubert, the greatest of all song writers, was the fourteenth of fourteen children born to his mother. Guiomar Novaes, greatest of woman pianists, was the seventeenth of nineteen children born to her mother; and Caruso was the youngest of nineteen children.

LONDON NOT A CITY

After trying for years to help along music with his millions, Sir Thomas Beecham declared that he was a "confirmed pessimist about everything." The average Englishman is not equal to anything above the cinema—or football or cricket. The most hopeless are the Londoners. There is no center of artistic life in it. "There can't be. It's too big. There are too many distractions. It's not a city—you might as well call Portugal or Bavaria a city. London is nothing but a mob. It has

no pride in its institutions—no character—no dignity—no anything."

DELICIOUS CHILLS DOWN THE SPINE

In his exceedingly interesting autobiography, Darwin relates that, as a young man, he acquired a strong taste for music and used very often to time his walks so as to hear on week days the anthem in King's College Chapel. "This," he adds, "gave me intense pleasure, so that my backbone would sometimes shiver." His son relates, in the same book, that one day, after a piece had been sung, Darwin turned round and said to him, "How's your backbone?" "He often spoke in later years," the son continues, "of a feeling of coldness or shivering in his back on hearing beautiful music."

Darwin was far from being the only music lover thus affected. One day, after the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Josef Stransky, had played Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" suite, and the audience was dispersing, a young lady was overheard remarking, "I had several delicious chills down my spine during the last piece."

FORCED INTO FAME AND DIED

John Towers, of St. Louis, who compiled the most elaborate dictionary of operas that has been printed in any language, did not believe in the exploiting of child prodigies. "There is need of immediate legislation on this point, which should be drastic and Federal," he argued. Parents should be made to understand that no child under fifteen years can stand the strain and struggle of artistic life.

There have been composers—among them Beethoven, Liszt, Rameau, Handel, Meyerbeer, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns—who altho they began as child prodigies, lived to hale old age. But there is a melancholy throng of musicians whose genius was spurred on so relentlessly that the rich promise they showed was blighted before they reached manhood. Exhausted hopelessly by the early strain, they sank into mediocrity, and their names proved to be writ in water.

To support his assertion, Mr. Towers prepared a list of five hundred persons who were proclaimed as child prodigies. The average age of death in this group was thirty-three years, while the average life of musicians who

were not forced into celebrity in childhood was found by him to be sixty-seven, or more than twice as long.

MUSICIANS LIVE ALMOST SIXTY-TWO YEARS

According to Herr Challier, of Giessen, Germany, the average term of life of musicians is over sixty years. He has collected facts about the ages of no fewer than 4,113 musicians whose death has been recorded since 1870. Of these, however, he was able to discover the exact age of only 3,737. For these the average age at death was 61.11 years.

The last included artists of as widely varying ages as the prodigy Henry Kartern, who died when he was only nine years old, and the patriarch Manuel Garcia, who lived to be almost one hundred and two. Kartern was a violinist; Garcia, the brother of Malibran, was a singer.

Some of the other prodigies died scarcely older than Kartern, such as the young Scottish girl Lizzie Kennedy, who died with her sister in the theater fire at Nice many years ago. Elise Farnesse, a well-known prima donna in her day, reached the record of one hundred

and five years, while Herr Hilf, a popular German conductor, also surpassed the age of Garcia, dying at one hundred and three.

The causes of death have not been so thoroughly established as these ages, but Herr Challier gives only seven cases as due to theater fires and other catastrophes. Far more died from natural causes while singing, eleven on the concert platform and the same number on the operatic stage. Suicide accounted for 67 deaths and murder for 5, while 19 died practically of starvation, and 30 died insane.

AN ENGLISH JOKER

Here is a joke from the British metropolis: "The country visitor was doing London, and went to a well-known concert hall. He was particular to inquire the prices of seats, and the obliging attendant said, 'Front seats, two shillings; back, one shilling; programs, a penny.' 'Oh, well, then,' blandly replied the countryman, 'I'll sit on a program.'"

BEER AND REHEARSING

They used to have a "beer pause" at rehearsals of German men's choruses. An attempt to do away with these pauses resulted in such

marked improvement in the singing that it was adopted generally.

Evidently, when Bismarck said, "Who drinks beer thinks beer," he might as well have put it, "Who drinks beer sings beer."

A VEGETARIAN MUSIC SCHOOL

The eminent German tenor, Heinrich Knote, once planned to establish a vegetarian conservatory of music. Seriously!

He used to weigh too much, he says, and was greatly hampered in his artistic activity. The Wagnerian operas, in particular, require so much strength and endurance that many singers have to resort to coffee or alcoholic stimulants to help them hold their own to the end of an opera.

His attention was called to the fact that vegetarians so often came out ahead in feats of endurance. Consequently, he adopted a vegetarian diet. He was soon able to get along without stimulants, and experienced vocal triumphs such as he had never before enjoyed. Several other singers who followed his advice fared equally well; hence the idea of starting a vegetarian training-school.

Lilli Lehmann is a vegetarian, but the

writer of this paragraph once saw her eat a squab. In Bayreuth, there was a vegetarian restaurant established because of an essay written by Wagner. He himself, however, was too much of an epicure to practise what he preached.

LIBRETTOS WORTH $11,000,000

A Viennese writer, named Josa Will, once sued Mascagni for $5,000 for a libretto which she sent for examination. He could not now find one under her name among his Ms. librettos. There were over 2,300 of these, and, as Mascagni's lawyer sarcastically noted, their worth, at Josa Will's valuation, was over $11,000,000.

BAYREUTH AND THE RHINE

Max Nordau was greatly shocked some years ago on a trip from Bingen to Bonn on a Rhine passenger steamer. When the Lorelei Rock was reached he expected that, according to the good old custom everybody on deck would join in singing *"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten."* A few school girls who had been eating ice-cream and cakes from the time they left Bingen did begin the Heine-Silcher song, but they were interrupted at once by

dozens of voices shouting "Au," and "Thank Heaven," and other sarcastic exclamations.

The girls stopped suddenly, giggling, and tried to convey the impression that they had begun the sentimental song with derisive intention, upon which the shocked Max Nordau comments: "The 'Lorelei' a subject of ridicule on the Rhine steamer!" When on the other hand, not long afterward, a not exactly famous voice intoned Siegfried's "Song of the Sword" and a group of passengers followed it up by singing the "Wagalaweia" of the Rhine maidens, a solemn silence prevailed, and all listened devoutly; all who could, joined in, and at the end there was a storm of applause. The Trilogy has crowded the Lorelei off the Rhine. Wagner has conquered Heine. I had noticed that already in the hotels. In the guest- and dining-rooms almost the only ornaments on the walls are pictures from "Rheingold." The Rhine is at present getting its legend and poetry via Bayreuth.

EDISON ON MUSIC

"The public as a whole is very elementary, very primitive in its tastes," the greatest of inventors said to James Francis Cooke, editor

of Presser's *Étude*. "A few people like the most advanced music—very, very few. The Debussy fanatic thinks that because he likes Debussy there must, of course, be thousands and thousands who do. He would be amazed if he knew on what a little musical island he is standing. You could hardly see it on the great musical map of the world. All the world wants music; but it does not want Debussy; nor does it want complicated operatic arias.

"I know at my own expense. Sometimes out of four thousand records advertised all up and down the land, some made by men and women of very great reputation, the public deliberately selects for its own some simple, heartfelt melody sung by some comparatively unknown singer, and demands this in such quantities that we have a hard time manufacturing enough."

Another thing deplored by Mr. Edison is that so few new melodies are originated. His son once figured out that the number of possible melodic changes is 400,000,000, yet, says Edison, "in going over thousands of humorous songs in search of worthy stuff I found that for the most part they were written largely to only nine tunes."

"I used to reverse some tunes that we had upon the records," he added, "and the results were surprizing. We played them backwards and some of the reversed tunes were far more interesting and charming than the originals."

Hear! Hear! Listen to Edison, ye tuneless cacophonists and learn of an easy way to secure good melodies. The field is a big one and, so far as known there is no copyright on reversed tunes.

Many years ago, when the Aeolian Orchestrelle was invented, the author of this book discovered that the heavenly slow movement in Dvorák's "New World Symphony" is almost as enchanting when played backwards.

HIS "ROTTEN" RECORDS LIKED BEST

Twenty years ago, "when the talking-machine was still a dubious proposition, a list of the new records was often handed me for approval," Edison related. "After hearing them, I would mark 'good,' 'fair,' or 'rotten' against the compositions so as to class them for trade. The 'rotten' records always made a hit with the public. Now, all I have to do is to condemn a bit of music and the factory works overtime to supply the demand."

TWO COLOSSAL MUSICAL PICNICS

America used to be the land of big things in music. Half a century has passed since P. S. Gilmore organized the first great Peace Jubilee in Boston. A festival building capable of seating 30,000 persons was specially erected. Carl Zerrahn was the general director. John K. Paine of Harvard and Dudley Buck conducted compositions of their own. Julius Eichborg wrote for the occasion the popular "To Thee, O Country." Parepa Rosa and Adelaide Phillips were among the singers, while Ole Bull and Carl Rosa played in the huge orchestra of one thousand musicians. Ten thousand women and men were in the chorus. The leading Boston critic of the time, John S. Dwight, refused to endorse this jubilee and "fled to Nahant to escape the canons, anvils, bells, big organ, 84 trombones, 83 tubas, as many cornets, 75 drums, which with 330 strings and 119 wood-winds, made an ensemble of fearful and wonderful sonority."

The close of the Franco-Prussian War gave Gilmore a second opportunity. He organized on a much larger scale his International Peace Jubilee, which was heard in Boston in June, 1872, in an auditorium big enough to hold

50,000 persons. The orchestra this time numbered 2,000, and there were 20,000 singers, some of them from as far west as Omaha. Johann Strauss led compositions of his own; so did Franz Abt. The principal singer was Mme. Rudersdorff, and among the special features were concerts by bands from London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Washington and New York. But while the first jubilee, altho it cost $283,000, left a balance of nearly $10,000 in the treasury, the second "colossal musical picnic" left a deficit of $100,000 to be made up by the guarantors.

WHY THE KING DIDN'T MARRY HER

Judith Gautier, who was one of Wagner's earliest and most devoted friends, tells among other anecdotes one relating to his great patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In 1867, the King became engaged to the Archduchess Sophie. One evening "Tristan" was performed in the Royal Theater. The King attended with his fiancée, but she was bored, and made no effort to hide her feelings. She appeared absent-minded, and paid no attention to the stage or the music. Ludwig II saw that she was not a Wagnerite. He might have par-

doned many shortcomings, but this was too much for him; the marriage never came about.

SUCH IS FAME

In the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten,* Dr. Julius von Werther reports the following conversation he heard in Rome in front of Eberlein's Goethe monument in the Villa Borghese: "Chi è quello?" "E quello, che l'imperatore di Germania c'ha regalato—il Go-e-te!" "Che cosa ha fatto—quello?" "Eh—ha scritto il libretto di Gounod!" "Ah—per il Fauste di Gounod?" "Eh, si!" "Anche quello per Mefistofele?" "Mache! Quello è di Boïto!"

EXAMINATION GEMS

The following answers were written at London examinations:

Senza sordini: "Without sordidness—that is, the music is not to be played or sung in a dull manner."

Suspension: "The music is to be suspended."

Schumann's Works: "Paris and the Peri," also "Faust's Walpurgisnacht."

"Mendelssohn wrote 'The Last Waltz'

while in Wales, as he was very fond of dancing."

"Mendelssohn generally writes in sharps, and he is particularly fond of cords."

"Schumann's music is especially noted for the rippling *vivace* style, rippling, running music for the treble, and slow, firm bass work. His music generally consists of flats, or written in a minor mode."

TOO LOUD

Mark Twain commented on the curious habit of Americans abroad of yelling louder and louder at unfortunate foreigners who do not understand them. Apparently Mr. Sowerby thought his concerto difficult to understand, and that's why he made the orchestra and the piano shout at the top of their voices most of the time. Or did he feel that because his name is Leo he must roar like a lion.

Wagner's noisy "Ride of the Valkyries" following his work at a New York concert, came as the cooing of doves. It recalled a story about the performance of a Spontini opera in Berlin. Stepping from the opera-house at the

moment when a huge brass band was passing, a man exclaimed: "Thank heaven! At last some soft music!"

HAD TO SHAVE EVERY DAY

Probably most people are unaware, says the London *Telegraph,* that it was in the contract of every male member of the Covent Garden chorus that he must shave—or be shaved—once a day. For this purpose an allowance was made him of eighteen pence weekly. The face of each one was carefully examined every night, and if there were signs of a "growth" threepence was "docked" off the allowance.

MUST HAVE BEEN VERY BAD

The story goes that the little daughter of a certain American composer who had won a $10,000 prize for an opera, when she heard of this, exclaimed: "But, papa, how bad the other ones must have been!"

IS THE CLAQUE A GOOD THING?

Some years ago, an attempt was made in Paris to suppress the claque, because it was becoming more and more of a nuisance.

When Jenny Lind was in Paris, in 1841,

she wrote to a friend: "Applause, here, is not always given to talent; but, often enough, to vice—to any obscure person who can afford to pay for it. Ugh! It is too dreadful to see the claqueurs sitting at the theater, night after night, deciding the fate of those who are compelled to appear."

An attempt has been made to trace the origin of the claque to the comparatively recent custom of printing the names of actors and singers on the playbills. Until the latter part of the eighteenth century managers considered it an unwise policy to do this, on the ground that the public would neglect good plays unless favorite players appeared in them. When, at last, the new custom began to prevail, individual actors endeavored to secure for themselves a personal following and special applause; and this suggested to the managers the advisability of doing for the whole play what these actors were doing for themselves.

In Novello's "History of Cheap Music," it is stated that about the year 1837, it was proposed seriously to introduce the claque at English opera-houses by way of "educating the public" and in order to teach ignorant amateurs where applause should come in.

"The idea that a piece can succeed by merit alone has in France long ceased to be entertained," wrote Sutherland Edwards in his "History of the Prima Donna." "It must, in the first place, be well written, well composed, well acted, well put on the stage. But it will have small chance of success unless the attention of the public be called to its strong points; and this, as French managers hold, is best done through the employment of professional applauders."

The comment of Jenny Lind just cited shows how much this argument amounted to.

PEOPLE ARE SO FUNNY

From a crowded station of the elevated railway in New York, one can occasionally see gloriously colored sunset clouds; but nobody looks at them. If anything half as brilliant were produced as a scenic background in a theater the audience would be all eyes and applaud it wildly as a fine instance of "realism."

This devotion to "realism" is not a new thing. In telling "A Singer's Story" in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Clara Louise Kellogg related that once, during a performance of "Il

Barbiere," the man who was playing the part of *Don Basilio* sent his hat out of doors to be snowed on. When he wore it in the next act all white with snowflakes from the blizzard outside, the audience roared with pleasure, "Why, it's real snow!"

WHAT FRANCE MADE WAR ON

Hy Mayer, the caricaturist, has related how, one day during the Great War, he attended a studio party at which were some ordinary French sailors. One of them had brought a mechanical musical apparatus with which to entertain the company. The tar started the machine, which proceeded to grind out the "Lorelei."

Hy turned to the sailor in surprize and said: "Are you aware that you are playing the typical German tune, the best-known Teutonic folk-song?"

"Monsieur," was the answer, "France is making war on the country and not on its music."

ROWDIES AT CONCERTS

Concerts and theatrical entertainments were not always as placid affairs as they are at present.

In 1850, Jenny Lind gave a concert in Pittsburgh. In the audience were a number of rowdies who shouted, whistled and even threw stones. One of these landed in the famous singer's dressing-room, which so alarmed her that she refused to sing again in that town.

In 1832 "Daddy" Rice appeared in New York with his negro show. According to the *Courier and Enquirer* of November 25, "When he came forward to sing his celebrated song ('Jim Crow') before an overcrowded house, many of the audience were on the stage and had mixed themselves up hilariously in the drama of 'Richard III,' forming a ring about Booth and his opponent in the battle-scene. They not only made Rice repeat the song some twenty times, but hemmed him in so that he actually had no room to perform the little dancing and turning about appertaining to the song. In the 'after piece,' when a supper table was spread, the hungry swooped down like harpies and devoured the edibles."

MORE HOGGISH BEHAVIOR

Concert audiences in New York in 1869 must have been queer if we may judge by the following lines from a New York letter to Dwight's "Journal of Music."

The reference is to a Philharmonic concert: "The audience was an immense one, and was downstairs a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely 'hoggish' behavior."

WEBER'S YOUTHFUL FOLLY

That Weber died so young (he lived only forty years) was partly due to his own habits. He was the first great European composer who was not descended from the masses, but from the aristocracy. His ancestors were Austrian "nobles," notorious for their dissipated lives, and he inherited their traits. For one of his escapades he was arrested by the police in the midst of the rehearsal of his opera "Silvana," thrown into prison, and subsequently expelled from the kingdom of Württemberg.

After his marriage, at the age of thirty-one (in 1817), to the opera singer, Caroline Brandt, he became a different man, and his devotion to her and their children made amends for his youthful follies.

SINDBAD CHASING THE DUCK

Talking of German opera, the London *Daily Telegraph* relates the story of a lady who brought her little son from the country to witness the pantomime at Drury Lane, and took him by mistake to Covent Garden, where there was a matinee of "Lohengrin." "The opening of the first act," we are told, "was voted dull by both mother and son. But hope shone brightly when *Lohengrin,* drawn by the swan, appeared, and little Johnny in excitement called out, 'O, mother, look at Sinbad chasing the duck.' Small wonder that 'devout Wagnerites,' who sat near, were 'upset.'"

REHEARSING BACKWARD

One of the most interesting personalities in the annals of music in America is Dr. Fred Wolle, who made Bethlehem, Pa., a sort of Bayreuth for Bach, giving, every May, a festival at which the great cantor's choral works are sung with a perfection not even approached in our largest cities.

Bach's music is often characterized by frightful difficulties. To overcome these, Dr. Wolle devised an original and effective way

of rehearsing, to which Raymond Walters refers in his splendid volume on the Bethlehem Bach Choir.

It consists in *beginning* with the last four or eight bars of a chorus. When the singers have mastered these thoroughly, he goes forward four bars, then four more and so on, always proceeding to the end.

"And the singers attack the new measures, going on to the close, which now seems to them familiar, an old friend. Thus they learn the entire chorus in a manner that minimizes discouragement and defeat and that preserves the mood, the spirit of the composition. Always they reach the end, the satisfying close, triumphantly. This is why it is no figure of speech to say that the Bethlehem singers know their music forward and backward. They learned it backward."

THE GERMAN LOVE OF TITLES

German rulers have saved much money by bestowing titles as rewards. Their subjects are so infatuated with decorations that they will sacrifice almost anything for them. The women help to beguile the men; for what could be more gratifying than to be addressed

by everybody as "Frau Generalmusikdirektor," "Frau Staatseisenbahngesellschaftoberinspektor," or something else equally elaborate and pompous?

Once in a while, however, the potentates have the worst of it. Felix Mottl, for example, was kept at Karlsruhe for years by the Grand Duke, who bestowed on him title after title. Finally there were no more ribbons and orders to bestow, and Mottl went to Munich. He might have remained if the Duke had bestowed on him his own title.

TALKING AT CONCERTS

Persons annoyed by the talking of others at a concert might try the method used by a music lover in London. He wrote the following words on a piece of paper and passed it on to the culprits: "I am sorry we could not have heard more of your conversation, but the violinist has been inconsiderately making himself heard from time to time. I am sure, however, if you speak a little louder, he will understand and give way to you."

A SUB-CELLAR CONCERT-ROOM

The London *Sketch* has a picture of a concert-room which beats the subterranean Car-

negie Lyceum in New York all hollow, literally. It is some 2,000 feet below the surface of the earth, in the potash mines of Gluckaus, and there is room for thirty performers and an audience of 200. The acoustic properties are said to be excellent.

COLLEGE MUSIC IMBECILITY

The late President Stanley Hall, of Clark University, had no high opinion of our college music. "Some American colleges," he said, "encourage banjo and mandolin clubs, composed usually of two or three crude amateurs who can snap off a few popular, catchy, and perhaps even 'kicky' airs, and a larger number of accompanists who can just play a few chords, and permit these organizations to give concerts and perhaps to make tours, occasionally contributing to their expenses.

"Often glee clubs are organized on a similar low level, that croon college ditties of the Polly-wolly-doodle or Mary's-Little-Lamb order. The fatuity and utter banality of the words and the cheapness of the music of the lowest strata of college songs soberly sung by rows of stalwart college barbarians in evening dress often suggest downright infantilism.

The fun of it all has a pathetic tang for every musical connoisseur, and when such clubs essay serious sentiments, these are all so crude and lush that such performances constitute a unique badge of our national academic inferiority."

GLUCK'S MUSICAL GLASSES

Gluck boasted that he was the first to discover the musical possibilities of glasses filled with water. An advertisement published in London in 1746 announced that Gluck, the opera composer, would give a concert on April 14 at which he would play a concerto for twenty-six glasses tuned with water, with orchestral accompaniment. "This," the advertisement added, "is a new instrument of his invention on which he can play anything written for violin or harp."

TWO REMARKABLE CONCERTS

One has to go far back in musical annals to find anything comparable to the concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for the benefit of the six orphans of

the Spanish composer, Granados (who perished during the Great War in an English boat sunk by a German submarine), when Maria Barientos, Julia Culp, Paderewski, Kreisler, Casals, and John McCormack united their voices and instruments. The vast auditorium was, of course, crowded, and hundreds seeking admission had to go home disappointed.

The receipts amounted to over $11,000 or nearly 60,000 pesetas, which went a long way toward helping the orphans at Barcelona.

In the year 1837 a charity concert was given in Paris, the program of which contained the names of the six leading pianists of that period: Chopin, Czerny, Herz, Pixis, Thalberg, and Liszt. It was the sensation of the season. But the program was one which would hardly be conceivable to-day.

Each of these six world-famed players had his own piano on the stage, and each played—what do you suppose?—a set of self-made variations on the march in Bellini's opera, "I Puritani."

Liszt, who was in good humor, and who came last, amused himself and the audience, giving a sort of a "review" of the whole concert in which he mimicked the style and mannerisms of his colleagues.

MYSTERIOUS NATURE MUSIC

John Muir, in his wonderful book on the mountains of California, has some fascinating pages on the different kinds of music made by the wind as it blows through various species of trees. Rocks, too, are in some cases musical. The peculiar sounds heard in the air at Yellowstone Lake have never been satisfactorily explained. Some similar phenomenon in Germany may have given rise to the legend about Frau Holle's wold chase, which occurs as an episode in Raff's "Forest Symphony."

LET'S HAVE EOLIAN HARPS!

Speaking of the musical action of the winds, why is it that no one seems to have an eolian harp these days? It is one of the most weird and poetic of instruments, and is apparently as old as the hills. The Hebrews have a Rabbinical tradition that King David had a small harp suspended over his bed and that the night winds made the strings sound. The Chinese have kites with vibrating strings. Im Thurn found that the natives of Guiana had a sort of eolian harp, formed from the leaf-stalk of a palm, the parallel fibers of which were

separated and a bridge placed under them. Then the instrument was fastened upright in some exposed place, and the wind passing through the strings caused a soft musical sound.

Hipkins remarks that, "had the principle of the eolian harp never been discovered, we should, in these days of telegraphy, have found it out, as it is of frequent occurrence to hear musical sounds from telegraph wires which become audible through the posts, which elevate the wire, and assume the function of sounding-boards."

The real eolian harp consists in its perfected form, of a long, narrow sound-board over which are stretched a dozen catgut-strings; these are of different degrees of thickness, but also of different tension, so adjusted as to make them sound in unison. When fitted into a window-sash, this instrument, on a breezy day, emits combinations of harmonics of a melancholy, eerie quality, varying from low and lovely whispering to wild shrieks of agony. As Dr. Rieman remarks, "The sounds are of fairy-like magic effect, since, in proportion to the violence of the wind, the chords swell from the softest pianissimo to a sweeping fortissimo."

For evening parties—surprize parties—in the country, one can not imagine anything better than an eolian harp; but it is apparently necessary to make it oneself, since the catalogs of the dealers in musical instruments do not mention them.

THE END